

HOW PLUCK AND MUSCLE WIN AT COLLEGE!

# FRANK MANLEY'S GOOD STORIES WEEKLY OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly.—By Subscription \$2.50 per year, Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 26.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

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By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN COMES TO GRIEF.

"This is great!"

"Seems like old times, doesn't it?"

"Indeed it does," Hal Spofford affirmed. "It brings the good old Woodstock days back."

"We must get up more mornings, for this sort of thing," chimed in Joe Prescott. "It won't do us any good to lie abed mornings when we can be out on the road for this sort of thing."

"I'm with you!" agreed Tod Owen.

Frank Manley and his three fellow-freshmen at Yale were out on Whitney Avenue, between Woodbridge and New Haven.

It was still dark as they jogged along on their seven-mile jog.

"We ought to do this three mornings a week, anyway," proposed Frank. "Nothing else keeps us in such prime condition as the run before breakfast."

"Breakfast?" muttered Joe. "Don't talk of it. There's a three-gallon hole just behind my waist-band."

Then they tried a little sprint by way of varying the monotony.

Suddenly Hal, who was in the lead, stopped short.

"Quick, fellows! What's this?" he cried.

He had halted and now stood over a prostrate figure by the roadside.

The figure was that of a tall, strongly built young man in white sweater, trousers and running shoes.

The young man lay, as he had fallen, in a few inches of snow at the side of the road.

"Been running," Tod declared, as he came up.

"Why, I know who he is!" cried Joe.

"So do I," nodded Manley. "It's Preston, of the sophomore class."

"Fainted?" asked Hal, going down on his knees beside the unconscious soph.

Frank, too, was on his knees, feeling anxiously at the sophomore's pulse.

"Heart failure, while running, perhaps," suggested Tod.

"Is he dead?" quivered Joe.

"Yes," said Manley, drily.

"What! Dead?"

"Dead drunk," reported Manley, disgustedly.

"Oh, come now!"

"Smell the fellow's breath if you don't believe me."

And Manley rolled up one of the fellow's eyelids, exposing the lustreless, trance-like look of the eye.

"Just a plain case of fallen by the roadside through the bottle," Frank announced, in a matter-of-fact way.

"How on earth could a fellow get drunk while out running?" quizzed Tod Owen.

"That's too much for me," Frank answered. "All I know is that Preston is too drunk to know his own name."

"The question is," began Joe, "how did he contrive to do it out here?"

"No, the question is," corrected Frank, "what's to be done with Preston? We can't leave him here to perish in the cold."

"There's a doctor's house down the road about a quarter of a mile," suggested Hal.

"And that's where we'd better take him. For, of course, we can't take the fellow to his dormitory in this condition."

"He doesn't live in a dormitory, anyway," Joe supplied. "He lives in a private house down on Crown Street."

"Well, we can't take him there, either," Frank decided. "So it will have to be the doctor's. Will you take his feet, Hal?"

Spoofford complied, Frank taking the drunken sophomore by the shoulders.

Thus they jogged along. When they had covered about half the distance Tod and Joe took the burden.

So they ran into the doctor's yard, Frank giving the bell-knob a vigorous pull.

It was necessary to ring again before a window upstairs opened.

"We've got a very sick man with us," said Frank, briefly. "He needs the doctor."

"Oh, I'll be right down!"

The window closed. Five minutes later the door was opened by a rather young-looking physician in a dressing-gown.

"What's the case?" asked the physician, as he led the way to his office.

"Plain drunk, with no particular frills," smiled Frank, grimly. "It is a rather mean sort of case to bring to your house, doctor, but we didn't think it would be right to leave the fellow out in the snow to die."

"Quite right," nodded the doctor. "I'll send for an ambulance to take the poor fellow into town."

"He's a Yale man," Frank went on.

"Eh? What's that?"

A Yale man, under such circumstances, is likely to be a valuable patient.

The physician looked interested at once as he turned up the light in his office.

"Lay him on the operating table there. Eh? What's this?"

"You know him, doctor?" Frank asked.

"Slightly."

"Then you'll look after him well?"

"I suppose I'll have to," muttered the physician. "Do you also know who this man is?"

"Preston—a sophomore."

"Then, gentlemen, I'll ask you to be very careful about mentioning this matter at Yale. You see, Preston happens

to be my brother-in-law. His sister is aleep up ~~fair~~ this moment."

"Oh, the deuce!" muttered Manley.

He saw, in an instant, all the trouble they might have caused by bringing the debauched young student into the house of his own relatives.

"Oh, it's just as well that you did bring him," broke in the doctor, noting our hero's dismay.

"Perhaps Preston won't think so, by and by," Frank suggested, gravely.

"It makes very little difference what he does think," retorted the physician.

"Will you want any help, doctor?"

"No, thank you. I shall call his sister."

"Then we'd better duck chop-chop, I reckon," replied Frank, glancing at his friends.

"It will be just as well to go, gentlemen," agreed the doctor. "But permit me to thank you on my own account, and on my wife's—and on Preston's account, too," he added, drily.

In a minute more the young athletes were again under way on their homeward jog.

But the mystery still remained as to how Preston had become intoxicated in running togs.

Even among the Yale men who drank heavily at times it wasn't the usual thing to put on such clothes as a drinking uniform.

Another thing that they discussed, with some anxiety, was what effect it might have on Preston to be thus taken to the house of his relatives.

For, whatever disputes Yale men may have among themselves, they are loyal to each other as a body.

One Yale student will go a long way to keep another from getting into trouble that can be avoided.

But in time the wonder wore off, as the other things of the day came along.

After breakfast there were two recitations. Then, after lunch, followed some study.

At three o'clock Frank was down to attend a lecture in one of the laboratories. His three friends were not down for this.

A few minutes before the hour Manley left his dormitory, Pierson Hall, and walked briskly toward the laboratory.

He had just turned in at the entrance, when a young man stepped forward, blocking our hero's path.

It was Preston, and he looked mad all the way through.

"Stop right where you are, freshie!" ordered Preston. "I want to talk with you."

"I suppose you do," nodded Frank, halting on the step below that on which the big sophomore stood.

"That was a nice trick you played on me this morning."

"It was disagreeable," Frank admitted. "But we didn't know that we were leaving you at the house of a relative. We found you on the road in bad shape. We didn't want to take you to your rooms, so we thought it best to take you to the office of the nearest physician."

"My brother-in-law, Dr. Ames," growled Preston.

"Yes, as we afterward found out. But we didn't know it at the time."

"And a beautiful mess your freshness will get me into with my family! Oh, you're a freshman, all right!"

"I'm confoundedly sorry," Frank protested. "Had we known—"

"By thunder, I've got an idea you did know!"

"No, we didn't."

"You lie!"

Frank's face flushed hotly at the direct insult.

But he strove to keep cool, replying, quietly:

"You're still under the weather, Preston. By to-morrow you'll feel ashamed of yourself. If not—"

"Well, what if I'm not?" leered the sophomore, menacingly.

"Then you'll have to answer to me for your words."

"I'll answer now!"

The blow came just before the words.

It was a crusher, landed with the full force of a muscular right arm.

The blow landed on Manley's neck, knocking him flat on the sidewalk.

With a snort, Preston ran down, poised one foot, landed a nasty kick in Manley's side, and then ran off.

Frank, half knocked out by the blow, was weakened still more by the brutal kick.

Yet he managed to get up slowly, saw Preston disappearing around the nearest corner, and flashed an indignant look after him.

"No use to go after him now," muttered Frank, inwardly. "I can hardly stand up."

It was hard, indeed, to walk.

Yet, stifling the look of pain that had come to his face, Frank slowly climbed the steps to the laboratory.

## CHAPTER II.

### WANTED—A RECKONING.

"The infernal coward!" blazed Joe.

"He needs a lesson!" quivered Hal.

"Wish it was my privilege to try to give the lesson," voiced Tod.

Frank had told his friends what had occurred as soon as he came back from the lecture.

Though still sore from the kick, Frank was again in fair condition.

He felt capable of taking care of himself at least.

"Of course you're not going to let this go by?" Tod hinted.

"Hardly," came drily from Manley.

"What are you going to do?" Joe asked.

"It seems to me that the only thing I can do is to try to see Preston at once."

"Good enough," from Joe. "I'll go with you."

"So say we all of us!"

"Fellows, I'd rather you didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because the sophs would say that I was afraid and took a gang along."

"That's so," Joe admitted, reluctantly.

"But do you know where Preston lives?" asked Hal.

"Nothing beyond the fact that he lives in a private house down in Crown Street. So does Tupper, of our class. Probably Tupper can tell me where to find Preston. At any rate, fellows, I'm off. I hope to be back in time to go to supper with you at Commons."

Grabbing up his hat, Frank hurriedly left his room in Pierson.

It was not a long walk to Crown Street.

Within a few minutes Manley rang the bell at the house where Tupper, of the freshman class, lived.

Tupper was a weakling, almost a cripple—a young fellow with an ardent longing for athletics, yet one who must be debarred from them.

Tupper was a pleasant, gentle soul. He lived amid his books, but always found time to revel in the tales of Yale athletics that came to him.

Manley had been down once before to call on the mild-mannered little fellow, and a great liking had sprung up between them.

"Is Mr. Tupper in?" he inquired of the maid who answered the bell.

"Yes, sir. You know his room, don't you?"

"Yes; I'll run right up."

Frank ascended the stairs quickly.

"I mustn't stay long, though," he muttered to himself. "If possible, I must find Preston before he goes to supper."

Apparently, the search was not to be a long one.

The door of Tupper's room stood ajar, and from the room came the sound of voices.

"Why, Preston is in there now," muttered Manley, halting short in the hallway.

Our hero would have knocked at once, but something in the words that he heard caused him to linger in the hallway.

"Tupper, you're a lazy little beast!"

The taunt came in the sophomore's tones.

"Why?" flashed back the little freshman. "Because I won't do your dirty tasks?"

"Oh, you'll do them!" came the jeering answer, "or you'll be mighty sorry that you refused."

"Not what you want me to do!" retorted the weak little freshman, as defiantly as if he had been a giant.

"Yes, you will!"

"What! Black your boots?" burst ragingly from Tupper's lips.

"Yes, black my boots! And you'll do a right good job, too, or you'll regret your laziness."

"Preston, sooner than do such menial work for you—"

"Well, what?"

"I'd see you hanged first!" came the spirited retort from the weakling.

"Oh, you're mighty proud, aren't you?"

"I'm a gentleman, Preston," retorted Tupper, with quiet dignity.

"A gentleman, eh?"

"Yes; that's something you don't know anything about, do you?"

There came a gasp, presumably from Preston, and Manley, eavesdropping out in the hall, grinned with joy.

"Good for little Tupper!" quivered our hero.

"See here, Tupper," raged the sophomore. "I don't propose to take any more nonsense from you. You'll do what I order, or I'll wipe the floor up with you!"

"You never heard of the existence of police, I suppose?" queried the freshman weakling, mockingly.

"Oh, yes. But you know as well as I do, Tupper, what happens to a freshman who goes to the police for protection against an upper classman. You wouldn't dare appeal to the law. Now, if you don't get down on your knees at once and go to work blacking my shoes—and doing it well, mind—I'll use you all over the floor for a broom!"

"You blackguard! You blot on humanity!"

Thump!

It was the sound of a blow, and an ugly one.

Manley, startled out of his secrecy, darted for the door.

He was just in time to see Tupper land on the floor at the foot of a bookcase.

And over the little fellow stood Preston, a shoe in his hand, as if prepared to follow up his dastardly attack.

That cowardly knock-down made Frank's blood boil.

He darted swiftly into the room.

Just as Preston raised the shoe to strike, Manley caught his wrist.

"Take me, you big bully!" quivered Frank. "I'm nearer your size."

Holding Preston's wrist in a grip of steel, he twisted that wrist over and outward.

Preston vented a yell of pain—agony.

Then, just as the big soph was bent over nearly double, Frank coolly kicked Preston's nearer foot from under him.

Over went the sophomore, landing in a heap on the floor—just opposite young Tupper.

With a roar of rage, Preston started to leap to his feet.

But Frank Manley, thoroughly aroused, pushed him down again.

At the same time he shouted, warningly:

"Don't you dare get up, Preston, until I tell you that you can."

"You go to blazes!"

"Don't get up—that's all!"

### CHAPTER III.

"I'LL MAKE YOU SICK OF YALE!"

But Preston, though a bully, was a fighter and a man of brute courage.

With a snarl, he rolled over on the floor to get away from his foe.

But Manley followed.

"Don't try any tricks, Preston! My blood's up!"

"So's mine!" ground out the soph.

Suddenly he did try to get up.

But Frank, watching, struck him full and hard between the eyes.

Doubling up like a limp rag, the soph fell over backward.

Had he been less powerful, that well-delivered blow would have knocked him out utterly.

"Willing to lie there until I give the word to get up?" Frank demanded.

"That was a cowardly blow you hit me," quavered the soph.

"I know it," came Manley's cool retort. "I wouldn't have done a thing like that to a decent white man. But it was just the kind of blow you struck me this afternoon. And you followed your blow with a kick—you cur! I'm not going to do anything as mean as that."

"You'd better not!"

Out of the corner of his eye Frank had seen that there was a fourth man present—Beasley, of the freshman class, a small man and not powerful, yet by no means such a weakling as Tupper.

Tupper was now on his feet, looking on with a pleased twinkle in his eyes.

"What do you want done to this beast, Tup?" demanded Frank.

"Cremating would be about as good as anything, would it not?" grinned Tupper.

"Oh, he'd get roasted to death, all right, if his own sophs knew how he had been bullying a little fellow like you."

Preston, watching his chance, suddenly hauled away, and was now on his feet again.

His face was as black as a thunder-cloud, as he squared off for Manley.

But Frank, dropping quickly into a defensive attitude, waited calmly for the bigger man.

"Now, then, freshie, do you want six months in hospital—or sudden death?"

"Anything that's handy!" jeered back our hero.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" appealed a voice from the doorway. "This won't do."

Preston lowered his fists, undecidedly.

"You know that I can't have anything of this sort in my house," went on the man standing in the doorway. "We can't have any student rows here—and won't have them. If there's any trouble here, I shall make a prompt report to the faculty."

"But I've been knocked down here," glowered Preston.

"I've nothing to do with the justice of that, Mr. Preston," returned the landlord, grimly. "But there won't be any more knocking-down here, without there's trouble."

"Mr. Hammond," appealed Tupper, with spirit. "Mr. Preston is an intruder in this room. In your presence I ask him to leave at once."

A snarl came from the sophomore bully as he glared at the freshman weakling.

"Mr. Preston, will you leave?" asked the landlord.

"Yes, and I'll leave your house, too."

"You can, if you like," retorted the landlord. "Your father has signed the season's lease for your rooms, so I shall lose nothing by your going."

Preston started toward the door, but he halted with his face within a few inches of Manley's face.

"Manley," he grated, "you've done a fool thing and made a bad enemy here in New Haven."

"Meaning you?" smiled Frank.

"Meaning me. You've got the best of it for just this minute. But you won't have the best of it for long."

"At your service," Frank retorted, significantly.

"I haven't gotten through with you, and I won't be through in a hurry! Oh, I'll make you sick of Yale!"

"I shall await your pleasure. Any time will do!" Frank mocked.

With another snarl, Preston stalked toward the door.

Landlord Hammond saw the sophomore out of the room, then pulled the door shut after him.

"Manley," cried Tupper, "I thank you!"

"Why, it seems," laughed Frank, "that I got here just in time. Truth to tell, I came here to see if you could tell me where Preston lives."

"He lives in this very house—worse luck!" snorted Tupper.

Then, espying Preston's forgotten shoes, brush and blacking on the floor, Tupper bent to pick them up.

Crossing the room he threw open a window and spiritlessly tossed the articles out into the yard below.

"It's tough luck to make an enemy of a fellow like Preston," grunted Beasley.

"That's why you stood by and saw him knock a weak man down, was it?" demanded Frank, looking the other freshman over, sarcastically.

"What was the use of butting in?" demanded Beasley. "I couldn't lick a fellow like him."

"I've got a friend, a little fifteen-year-old fellow, in a prep school here in New Haven," Frank retorted, witheringly. "A little chap named Winston. He couldn't lick Preston, either—nor one side of him. But under such provocation as this was, Jack Winston would have sailed in for every ounce of fight that he could raise. And you stood by and watched the knock-down without raising even your voice?"

Beasley shrank under the roast in Frank's gaze and tone.

"You wait," he grumbled, "you wait until Preston is through with you. Then you'll understand, Manley, why I knew better than to butt in. I've been here at Yale longer than you have, and I know what it means for a freshman when Ferd Preston gets down on him."

"Bosh!" uttered Frank, and turned his back on the shrinking Beasley with such utter contempt that the other freshman soon said good evening to Tupper and faded from the room.

"I'm afraid, Manley, that you have gotten yourself into a deep hole on my account," spoke Tupper, in a troubled voice.

"Then, if you're worried, cheer up," laughed Frank. "For I was on my way to find Preston for just such a

purpose. This thing would have been pulled off, even if it hadn't happened on your account."

"I'm sorry, then, that you and Preston have crossed each other. For, really, Manley, he's a mighty dangerous fellow."

"What makes him so dangerous? His hitting power?"

"That partly."

"Oh, I've been thrashed before this," came calmly from Manley, "and I expect to be thrashed often again. A little thing like a licking ahead of me doesn't kill my interest in life."

"But Preston is nasty, and has a lot of fellows behind him."

"He can't pile his gang on in a fight with one little freshman!"

"No; but most of the fellows in his crowd will help him to make life a drag for a freshman that Preston doesn't like."

"Why should they take so much trouble over the fellow?" Frank demanded. "Is he popular?"

"With a certain few."

"But not with the student body generally, eh?"

"No, I should say Preston isn't—at least, not personally. But he is a rather important man at Yale."

"Why should he be?"

"He's a likely crew man."

"Oh!"

And now Frank understood to the full.

For the 'varsity crew is one of the great glories of Yale.

It is glory enough to have rowed in a winning race with the Yale eight.

A member of the Yale crew, like a member of the Yale football eleven, is a sort of young demi-god among his fellows at college.

It does not do to allow anything to make a crew man sulky. One sulky man in the shell will spoil the university's chance of winning a race.

Hence, as the time for the great 'varsity race draws near the whole college will take up the cudgels against any luckless student who annoys a crew man.

"There won't be any more trouble," said Frank, slowly, "unless Preston tries to make it. He did a dirty thing to me this afternoon, and I've passed it back. Anything new that comes up will have to be started by him."

"Oh, he'll start it, all right!" cried Tupper, uneasily. "That's just what's troubling me."

"Then forget it all, old man," urged Frank. "I'd like to talk about something more decent than that big sophomore bully."

So Frank and his friend chatted on other topics for twenty minutes or so.

Then Manley, glancing at the clock on the mantel, discovered that it was time for him to get back to his room before starting for supper.

"Well, so long, Tup," he said, rising.

"Manley, you'll be careful, won't you?"

"Oh, yes. Why, of course."

Smiling, Frank ran down the stairs, opened the front door and ran nimbly down toward the sidewalk.

Trip! One of his feet caught in a cord stretched across one of the lower steps.

Plunge! The tripping came so quickly that Frank could not save himself.

He struck the sidewalk head first, rolled, and then lay on his back, unconscious.

From an ugly, jagged cut on his forehead the blood flowed in a stream that formed an ever-growing crimson pool on the sidewalk.

## CHAPTER IV.

### JOE GOES ON THE WARPATH.

"Hullo! What's this?"

A sophomore, hurrying by on his way to the "Hutch" dormitory, stopped short.

"Pretty badly hurt, poor fellow!" muttered the soph, after bending over Manley and taking a good look.

Another soph came briskly by, but stopped.

"Know who this fellow is?" demanded the first soph.

"Nope."

"Looks as if he might be a Yale man."

"Yes, he does. Perhaps the folks in the house will know something about him."

The first soph started to run up the steps.

Then he stopped short, staring at the cord stretched over the step.

"Joke," he said, briefly.

"People's ideas of humor differ," retorted the other soph. "I call a job like this beastly. You ring up the folks in the house, and I'll hustle the doctor around the corner."

At the first clang of the bell Landlord Hammond was at the door.

"Chap out here who looks like a college man pretty badly hurt," announced the soph, briefly.

At that message, Tupper, who had been listening from upstairs, raced down the stairs at the best gait his weak little body was capable of.

"Bring him in here—up to my room," directed Tupper, showing his white face at the door and recognizing his unconscious champion.

The soph, a husky fellow, lifted Manley, bearing him gently up to Tupper's room, where our hero was laid on the bed.

The doctor was there almost immediately.

"Stunned," was the verdict. "A nasty fall."

"Badly hurt?" asked Tupper, anxiously.

"No; I think not. He looks like a strong young fellow—an athlete, undoubtedly. He's too tough to be killed easily."

As the doctor talked he applied restorative measures.

Tupper, in the meantime, had sent for a messenger boy, and now he was hurriedly scribbling a note, which was despatched in haste to Hal.

Within ten minutes Frank opened his eyes.

"You know me, don't you?" quivered the freshman weakling.

"Of course I do, old Tup," came Frank's prompt answer, though spoken rather faintly.

"How did it happen?"

"Why, what has happened?"

"You had a fall, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; I remember falling now."

"There was a cord across the steps," went on Tupper, vengefully.

"Was there?"

"Did you see any one around just before you fell, or after?" pursued Tupper.

"No; I don't remember seeing any one," Frank answered, slowly. "Well, I must get up and be moving. I feel foolish lying here."

"You'd better not get up just yet," interposed the doctor, pushing our hero back on the pillows.

"Oh, I'm under your care, am I?" smiled Frank, lying back at full length.

"For the present—yes."

"Do you call me much hurt, Doc?"

"No; but you won't feel like running a foot race for a while."

"That's too bad," sighed Manley.

"Why?"

"Because I've a date to run in the morning."

"I guess you won't run in the morning, Manley."

"But I've got to get to recitations," Frank urged, anxiously.

"Oh, well, you can guide yourself to-morrow by the way your head feels."

"How long are you going to keep me here?"

"Until your friends come," replied the medical man.

"I've sent for Hal," Tupper explained.

"Oh! Then he'll be here all right," Frank smiled, in a satisfied way.

"This must be Preston's work!" quivered Tupper.

"I suppose it was," Frank assented. "I can't think of any one else who would do such a nasty thing."

"Oh, if I could only get even with him!" cried poor little Tupper.

"You won't need to, Tup. If this was Preston's job, I'll attend to getting even for myself. But I'm really sorry for the chap who is so mean and low down that he could think of this kind of a way of settling his grudges."

It was half an hour before Hal, Joe and Tod reached the house.

They had been at supper at Commons, and the messenger had had some difficulty in finding them.

But now the three listened angrily to Tupper's account of what had happened.

"Of course it was Preston's dirty trick!" Hal blazed.

"Whoop!" uttered Joe.

"Meaning—what?" demanded Tod, turning upon him.

"I'm on the warpath!" retorted Prescott, jumping up and down.

"I guess we all are," grunted Tod. "There's a bill to be paid, and Preston will have to give us a receipt in full."

Hal said little, but he was thinking, and thinking angrily.

It was Hal who got a cab to the door. Joe and Tod carried our hero down.

Hal stepped inside and seated himself with our hero. The doctor got in opposite.

"Here, Joe, you take the remaining seat and I'll—" But Tod stopped short.

"Where on earth is Joe?" he demanded, after a pause.

"Prescott?" called Tupper, from the steps. "Oh, he ran down the street."

"Joe's on the warpath already," laughed Manley, quietly. "I hope the dear old fellow doesn't do anything rash and get himself into trouble."

Frank was soon at his own rooms. He lay back in an easy-chair, his head throbbing wildly.

He felt little like talking, so Hal and Tod sat silently in the room for the most part.

"Better turn in," urged Hal, at last.

"I don't care to, until I know what has happened to Joe," Manley replied.

"Oh, don't worry about him," grinned Tod. "Anywhere in the world, Joe Prescott can come pretty near taking care of himself."

Joe, indeed, was having his hands full.

In the first place, he had set out to tramp through all the streets of New Haven that are familiar to the college men.

He looked in at Heublein's, the Tontine and all the other resorts where the wilder college men are apt to congregate.

He was looking for Ferd Preston—and looking for him hard!

When he found Preston—but that was to be another story.

"He isn't at church, or in the Y. M. C. A., anyway," growled Joe. "A fellow who is found dead drunk by the roadside before daylight isn't wasting good night-time in any respectable place. Blazes! If I don't run across him to-night I'll play foxy and lay on his trail until I learn his whole route!"

But at last Joe ran into his man, on one of the side streets.

Preston was one of a quartette of young Yale men who came briskly up the street.

"Blazes! What's the game?" muttered Joe.

For Ferd Preston and his three cronies wore white sweaters and looked as if they were out for training work.

"Now, that's sure a game," muttered Joe, as he dodged into a doorway and waited for the quartette to pass. "A fellow of Preston's habits isn't out nights for training. What do those sweaters mean? Whew!"

This last exclamation of disgust came as Preston and his friends passed the doorway in which Joe had concealed himself.

Their breath came back to him—a mixture of breaths laden with the foul stench of alcohol.

"Now, what are the sweaters for?" muttered Joe. "Fellows out for running or walking don't tank up on all the bad liquor in New Haven!"

Joe stepped out to the sidewalk, turned and followed.

At the end of the block three of the sophs went into a drug store.

Ferd Preston waited outside, hands in his pockets and humming lightly.

Joe should have waited, but he was too ugly of mood, just then, to use the best judgment.

Like a flash he was at Preston's side.

"See here, you loafer!" he quivered.

"What's that?" demanded Preston, wheeling.

"Take your hands out of your pockets—put 'em up!"

Preston concluded that it was high time to get his hands where he could use them.

Yet he was not quick enough.

He guarded, but not well, as Joe's left shot out.

Smaek! It caught Preston squarely over the right eye, driving him to the ground in a heap.

There was a yell at the cigar counter inside, and then Preston's three comrades made a dive for the door.

It was time for Joe to depart in a hurry, and he did it, out-distancing pursuit.

Giving up the unequal race, the three sophs went back to their injured mate, who was holding a handkerchief ruefully to his injured eye.

"Who did it?" asked one of the fellows.

"Oh—a mucker!" lied Preston, changing his mind just in time to avoid making a statement that might lead to his own disadvantage.

"Let me look at the eye, Ferd. Lord, you'll have to have that fixed right away. It's going to be a beaut. This druggist chap is a good hand at eyes like yours. Come in."

But when the sophs had disappeared into the back of the drug store, Joe, whose run had not carried him far, came back, dropping into a dark doorway.

It was twenty minutes before the four sophs came out again.

Then Joe, all ears, heard one of them say:

"Guess you'd better not come with us to-night, Ferd."

"Bosh!" growled Preston.

"That eye is going to give you a good deal of pain. The best you can do is to get home, take a little dope and go to sleep for the night."

"And lose all the fun?"

"Can you have fun with an eye like that?"

"More fun with you fellows than I can at home."

"Come on, then."

Off they started, briskly, Joe following.

An hour later Joe Prescott burst breezily into Manley's room.

"I guess we're on," he declared.

"To what?" Tod demanded.

"How's your head, Frank?"

"Behaving itself, thank you."

"Well, then," Joe resumed, "I guess we know how Pres-

ton came to be in that condition at the roadside this morning."

"You've been trailing him?" cried Hal.

"Some."

"What do you know?"

"Well, I found Preston and three pals in sweaters, hurrying through the town. I followed them all the way out to Whitney Avenue, way outside of the town. They acted like a lot of fellows in training—every one of 'em in sweaters. But when they got well out on Whitney Avenue there was an automobile waiting for them. Those chaps just pulled overcoats out of the auto, got into the coats, and then—"

"Well?" Hal insisted.

"Whizz! Forty an hour somewhere!" finished Joe.

"Was that all you found out?" asked Tod, disappointedly.

"All?" retorted Joe. "Wasn't that enough for a starter?"

"Quite enough," Frank broke in, quietly. "Preston and his gang pretend to be out at night on training work. When they get far away enough from town they get into an auto and go to their destination in a hurry. From what we saw of Preston this morning his gang must be a drinking crowd. So it seems pretty certain that they go to some quiet place where they can hold their orgie without the news reaching the faculty."

"And that's how we came to find Preston this morning," Hal chimed in. "Too much of an orgie last night. Fellows came back very late, probably. Either Preston fell out of the auto, or got out for something, and then was forgotten and left behind. The fact that we found him without an overcoat probably means that he was too drunk to put an overcoat on, on his trip home early this morning."

"I'd like to find out where they go!" cried Tod, eagerly.

"What for?" Frank asked, quietly. "We don't need the address of a drinking den."

"But it'd be a good idea to know all about Preston," argued Owen.

"I don't know as it would," Frank returned. "We couldn't play the spy and then tell tales."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Tod. "But I'll have to do my best to black an eye for Preston, anyway."

"The left one," hinted Joe.

"Oh, I don't care which one it is."

"The right eye has a good shine on already," grinned Joe.

There was a quick interchange of looks, and then the story came out.

"Then we're pretty near through with the fellow," mused Frank. "As freshmen we can't make ourselves too noisy, or all the upper classmen would sit down on us. Preston has had back blow for blow, so far, so I guess we'll have to quit—unless I get some little opportunity to pay back on my own account."

"Oh, that soph bully won't let us alone all of a sudden," uttered Hal. "Didn't he threaten to drive Frank out of Yale?"

Frank laughed. Yet down in his heart he felt that there was more trouble coming.

## CHAPTER V.

### SNATCHED BY THE "WHIRLWINDS."

"Down to the three oaks and back is said to be just two miles."

"Two miles, as fairly as it could be measured," nodded Frank. "When making the run you are supposed to touch the middle oak, then wheel and come back."

"Start us as soon as you like," begged Joe.

Frank, his stop-watch in hand, stood at the intersection of another road with Whitney Avenue.

The four friends, augmented by the presence of little Jack Winston, who had come out from prep school for this evening run, were making the most of their leisure at the latter end of February by training for track work.

This time Manley was to act as starter and timekeeper.

He looked at the four youngsters to see that they were fairly lined up. Then:

"One, two, three—go!"

Off the racers went. Frank, his watch still in hand, watched them out of sight down the dark road.

Then he prepared to keep warm in the several minutes that must elapse before the runners would be back.

This he accomplished by some irregular jiggling, jumping up and down and swinging his arms, for the night was keenly cold.

Toot! toot!

Manley stood revealed in the rays cast by the glaring headlights of a great automobile that came racing along.

As the machine came nearer, Manley had a swift glimpse of white sweaters against dark overcoats.

"Gracious! I wonder if that's the Preston gang?" he quivered. "If it is, those young fellows are going it rather swiftly for fellows who expect to get through college!"

For this was just two nights later than the one on which Joe had shadowed that gang as far as their meeting with the auto.

The auto was slowing up.

So swiftly had it approached that Manley had had just time to note the slowing-up when the machine was almost beside him.

"Here he is, fellows!" yelled a voice, as a figure came flying out of the touring car.

Had he wanted to run, Manley did not have time.

The first white-sweatered figure was upon him like a flash.

It was Preston.

Just as that worthy reached out for the young freshman, Frank ducked and caught him on the neck, keeling him over.

Crack! Frank's fist landed hard against another sophomore's nose.

But the other two were upon Manley. They bore him to the ground.

There was a scuffle. Manley neither spoke nor cried out, though some sharp blows landed on him.

It was soon over. Manley's hands were tied behind his back.

"Now, what'll we do with the freshie, Ferd?" demanded one of the sophomores.

"Dump him in the scoot-away," replied Preston.

"What! Take him with us?"

"Sure."

There was a chorus of protest from the other three sophomores over this proposition.

"Oh, what ails you all?" demanded Ferd Preston, impatiently. "This freshie won't dare squeal. If he does, the whole college will drive him out of New Haven."

There was some muttered dissent, but it ended in Preston and another soph lifting up the freshman captive.

They dumped him in at the rear of the car with mighty little ceremony.

Then, while one of the sophs got back on the front seat with the chauffeur, Preston and two others got in at the back.

Frank, crowded between their legs and forced to sit on the floor of the car, found himself in anything but a pleasant position.

Toot! toot!

The machine was off and away again, traveling at mad speed.

"Freshie, has any one hazed you yet?" demanded Preston.

Manley declined to answer.

"Oh, well, if you won't talk, freshie, we'll find a way soon to start your tongue going."

"We can give him a royal time out where we're going," laughed one of the sophomores.

"Sure thing!" chuckled Preston. "There'll be no one to butt in."

"How do you like being with us, freshie?"

"Great machine, isn't it?"

Frank did not reply.

Had this been just an ordinary hazing enterprise, he would not have greatly resented his plight.

Hazing is something that every new man at college must expect. He must endure it with the best grace that he can, and without resentment.

But would this turn out to be just an ordinary hazing?

These fellows were content to be in the company of Preston. Therefore, they must be fellows of his own stripe.

That Preston would go to devilish lengths in hazing, Manley did not for an instant doubt.

If his pals were ready to go as far, then the night would be one long, hideous nightmare of the wickedest kind of hazing.

There have been college hazings that have ended in the death of the victim.

Frank wondered, grimly, if his hazing would turn out to be of that description.

"Were you trained to say your prayers, freshie?" jeered one of the sophomore captors.

"Because if you were," added Preston, sneeringly, "you'd better put in some good, hard licks at praying now."

Frank still remained silent.

"He's a sullen little beast, isn't he?" laughed the soph on the front seat, turning to look back.

"Oh, we'll make him talk by and by," laughed Preston.

"Talk?" jeered another. "Why, he'll be eloquent."

"I guess, at the easiest, I'm in for it," smiled Frank, grimly, to himself. "I wouldn't mind, no matter what happens, if it weren't for this beast, Ferd Preston."

Like a demon of speed, the auto whizzed through the little town of Woodbridge.

There were a few people on the streets of the town.

Frank got just a fleeting glimpse at them.

He did not call for help.

In the first place it would have been useless.

Nobody, nothing in the town, could overtake this flyer, anyway.

And Manley knew, well enough, that he would be laughed out of Yale if he went to the extremity of shouting for help against hazers.

So, with his teeth tightly clenched, Manley bore the ride in silence.

Once well past the town, the chauffeur turned up one of the country roads.

It was not long before they were gliding slowly up the roadway to what looked like a very comfortable farmhouse.

It looked like the abode of plain, respectable people, but Frank jumped at once to the conclusion that the house was occupied by people who found it to their financial advantage to run the place as a quiet little drinking den for the wilder students of Yale.

A side door of the building opened in response to a hailing toot from the auto's horn. A man with a lantern came out.

"Place all quiet for us?" asked Preston.

"Yes," replied the man. "You can have the house to yourselves."

"Bring in the criminal," laughed Preston, springing to the ground.

"Got a freshman, eh?" grinned the host.

"Freshest ever," chirped Preston, gleefully. "Fresh? Why, all the salt in the Atlantic Ocean wouldn't cure this ham—freshman, I mean."

Two of the sophs lifted Manley out of the car, starting for the house with him.

Frank did not struggle. He knew how worse than useless any resistance would be.

His captors carried him through the doorway, down a long, bare corridor, and into a room.

Here they set him on his feet.

"Walk around a bit, freshie," jeered one of his late carriers. "Look about and get acquainted with the place."

"And don't try to run away," jeered another of the sophs, "or we'll put you on the spanking-machine."

Frank, standing still, surveyed the room.

It was an apartment nearly thirty feet long by twenty wide. There were windows on two sides, five in all, but these were now closely curtained.

There was a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, in which a log-fire was crackling briskly.

In the center of the room was a great, square table of heavy, seasoned oak.

In one corner stood an old-fashioned sideboard, on which was a great array of glasses and a few boxes of cigars.

The stuffed head of a buffalo adorned the wall over the fireplace. There were bears' heads, deer heads and those of other animals of the chase on the walls, mingled with collections of old-fashioned firearms and Indian implements of the chase.

The bare floor was sanded, in true old Colonial style.

The chairs strewn about the room were heavy, cumbersome and old-fashioned, yet made for the comfort of their users.

"Great place, ain't it, freshie?" demanded one of Preston's pals.

"Yes," admitted Frank, in such a queer tone that the sophomore looked at him keenly.

"See here, do you mean that it's too good a place for fellows like us?"

"Isn't a freshman permitted to have any thoughts of his own?" smiled Frank.

The soph turned to his pals.

"Let's begin to put freshie through the steps at once."

"No, no!" retorted Preston, stepping to the wall and pressing a button. "Something to drink first."

There was a shout of laughter, and Frank's late tormentor turned to explain to our hero:

"We belong to the Whirlwinds. 'Something to drink first' is our motto."

"A splendid motto for young men whose parents send them to Yale to learn to know something," thought Frank, inwardly.

"What'll it be, gentlemen?" asked mine host, appearing in the doorway. "Something hot?"

"Not to-night," Preston broke in, decidedly. "The raw liquor, with some soda."

Mine host was quickly back with the bottles, which he set out on the great table in the center of the room.

The four sophomores regarded the bottles with an imitation of affection that disgusted Manley to the core.

Mine host quickly brought glasses from the sideboard, placed them on the table, and then quickly withdrew.

"Gentlemen, a toast," proposed Preston, as he filled his glass and held it up.

"The toast, then!" came the eager response.

"To perdition with all freshmen!"

"Drink deeply, gentlemen!" called another soph, boisterously.

"Come, another drink!" called Preston, eagerly. "'Twas a cold ride!"

Again the glasses were filled.

"Any toast, this time, Preston?"

"Yes! May our guest never see New Haven again!"

"Good!"

There was a wild cheer as the glasses were drained.

But Preston turned long enough to flash at Manley a glance full of malignant hatred.

It was as much as if the bully had said, in plain words:

"I meant that toast—every word of it!"

"What won't the beast do, when he gets enough liquor in?" thought Frank, savagely.

More drinks were proposed and downed, until Manley was aghast at the amount these fashionable young rowdies could stand.

For rowdies they were—a type of student that is not in the least representative of the great old University of Yale.

"Preston is deliberately trying to get them crazy with liquor!" gritted Frank. "Then he knows that they will stop at nothing with me."

An opinion that was quickly confirmed, for Ferd Preston, seeing his companions deep in their cups, stole over to Manley's side.

"Wait until I get the crowd fixed enough," scowled the sophomore bully. "Then you'll see what they're capable of doing!"

Then he turned to rejoin his pals, but they had noted his absence.

"What you doing, Ferd?" laughed one of them, boisterously. "Asking freshie what he'd like to drink?"

"Freshmen can't have anything but milk," said another sophomore, solemnly.

"What do you think of that, freshie?"

"Milk would suit me well enough," Frank smiled, gamely.

"That's right! Mamma's boy couldn't have anything stronger."

"Oh, I don't know," drawled Preston, as he flashed a sudden look at Manley. "Perhaps we could let freshie have just one wee, little drink of real liquor."

"What do you say, freshie?"

Frank shook his head with emphasis.

"No, no! Freshie doesn't want it."

"Then he must have it," jeered Preston, half-filling an extra glass.

"What do you say, freshie?"

"Gentleman," retorted Frank, severely, "I have never tasted liquor in my life."

"Hurrah! Then we'll begin freshie's education right here!"

"That's right! He came to Yale for an education."

"Educate him right now!"

With a look of malicious triumph, Ferd Preston started toward Manley, carrying the glass of whiskey.

The other three sophs, with a wild whoop, made a rush for Manley, to secure and hold him.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "THE ROUGHEST HAZING ON RECORD."

A lightning-like change had come over Frank. Rage and hate flashed from his usually mild eyes. He retreated, as best he could. His hands were tied. He had only the use of his feet.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, "don't you dare attempt to make me swallow that stuff!"

"Catch him and hold him!" raged Preston. "We'll pour a quart of the stuff down his neck!"

Frank had retreated into a corner.

While Preston held the glass of liquor, the other sophs tried to close in on Manley.

For a few seconds or so he would be able to hold them at bay.

First one foot and then the other flew out, forcing them to dodge out of harm's way.

But this style of defensive warfare could not be long carried on.

Ere long they would catch one of his feet, and then the struggle would be over.

"Gentlemen, you're going too far!" panted Frank. "If you succeed in making me swallow any of that stuff I'll denounce every one of you to the faculty, and expose the existence of this drinking-den! Stand back, if you don't want more trouble than you can stand. I'll denounce you, and this resort, I tell you! Stand back!"

And stand back they did.

"Listen to the squealer!" raged one of Manley's tormentors.

"The mucker!"

"You'd biew on us, would you?" raged Preston. "Do you know what would happen? The whole college would drive you out."

"I swear I'll do it if you pour one drop of liquor down my throat," retorted Manley, firmly.

"Blow, and your last day at Yale has come. You don't know what happens to a squealer."

"And for nothing else that I can think of would I squeal," Frank went on, firmly. "But I've never tasted liquor, and I never will—not even by way of being hazed. If you try to put that liquor down my throat I'll squeal on the whole lot of you, and on this place! And I'll appeal over your heads to your own sophomore class president for support! Now, gentlemen, you know just where I stand on the liquor question. If you think you dare to try to make me drink any of the stuff, go ahead—and see what happens!"

"The nasty little squealer!" uttered one of the sophs, disgustedly.

Yet Manley had them at a disadvantage, and they knew it.

Even if they united in denying any accusation that Frank might make to the faculty, they would, nevertheless, be suspected of rowdyism in the future—perhaps watched, and then discovered.

And there was not a doubt that the town authorities of Woodbridge would take prompt action in closing up this illegal liquor den.

That would deprive some other students, too, of a convenient meeting-place for "a quiet little time."

"See here," demanded one of the sophs, "what did you want to come to college for, if you couldn't stand a little discipline by the upper classmen?"

"I haven't said a word against hazing," retorted Frank, stoutly. "I can take any medicine that a man ought to—but there's not a spark of manhood in forcing another man to drink liquor. You know well enough that your class president would be the first to turn you down for a trick like that. And as for the faculty, they'd turn you OUT! If you don't know it, try it."

"Spank the baby and let him run home," uttered one of the sophs, disgustedly.

And this might have been done, but Preston, white with anger to the roots of his hair, jumped into the breach.

"Let him go home?" he quivered, stepping forward. "Not a bit of it. This freshman brags that, when it comes to plain hazing, he can take his dose like a man."

"I don't believe it!" retorted one of Preston's pals.

"Then let us find out," proposed Preston, an ugly light glinting in his eyes. "Drop the liquor part of it and give him a plain hazing, and make it a lively one. He won't dare to squeal on a hazing, of itself. If he does, he'll be run out of college."

"Does mamma's boy think he can stand a little very gentle hazing?" jeered one of the sophs.

"If you leave the liquor out of the trick," Manley answered, quietly, "I'll do my best to uphold the honor of my class."

"The honor of his class?" repeated one of the tormentors.

A howl of derision went up.

"Gentlemen," proposed Preston, gravely, "something to drink, first, and then to downright business."

Leaving Frank to himself, they hurried to the table, filled their glasses, and then three of them turned expectantly to Ferd Preston.

"A toast!" they cried. "A toast!"

"Gentlemen," proposed Preston, holding his glass higher, "I offer you a sentiment with all my heart. Here's to the roughest hazing on record!"

They drained their glasses, then turned and pounced upon their freshman victim.

They pulled him out into the middle of the floor, and Preston, swinging, struck Frank a blow on the side of the head with his open hand.

Open-handed though the blow was, it was enough to fell the freshman.

"I guess I'll stay here," flashed through Manley's mind.

But one of his tormentors yanked him to his feet, and then each in turn slapped Manley's face.

They kept it up for several moments, nor were they always careful to have the hand open.

As often as the young freshman went down to the floor he was yanked up again.

From one to another he was passed, and swung around until his head throbbed with the fiendish pain of it.

Dizzy and sick though the rough handling made him, Manley was game. He did not cry out or complain, but took his torment in silence.

"On to the table with him!" ordered Preston, at last.

As the other three sophs bore him to the table, and laid

him there, face down, Preston stepped over to the wall and pressed the button.

"Bring us the paddle," said Preston, briefly. Mine host soon reappeared with a heavy board, fashioned in the shape of a paddle.

"Mine the first chance!" roared the sophomore bully, whipping off his coat and picking up the paddle.

He approached the table and swung the implement of torture.

Smack! Down it came. And then the blows fairly rained.

By the time that Preston was tired, another soph took his place.

Then the third, and then the fourth.

It fairly seemed as if they were bent on breaking Manley into pieces.

But Frank, with his two rows of teeth grinding together, gave forth no sound of protest, no appeal for a let-up.

He was every whit as game as he had agreed to be!

"Freshie," announced one of the sophomores, when the paddling had ceased, "you've gone through the first two stages with something approaching to credit. There are twenty-eight stages more to be endured."

All but crippled, Frank did not attempt to leave the table when his tormentors drew away to whisper.

But at last they came back, lifted him down to his feet in ominous silence, and walked him across the floor toward the fireplace.

Here an easy-chair had been drawn up before the cheery blaze.

Into this chair they forced him, though it was torment even to sit down.

Two of the sophs held him there by the shoulders, while Preston and another sophomore roughly removed his shoes.

"What deviltry is coming now?" wondered Frank.

He was not left long in doubt, for, after his socks, too, had been removed, one of the sophomores remarked:

"Poor little freshman! His little feet look blue and cold!"

"We'll warm 'em," cried Preston, hoarsely.

And this the tormentors certainly did.

While two of them held Manley in his chair, the other two busied themselves with holding glowing embers, held in tongs, close to the soles of his feet.

Every now and then one of these glowing embers was pressed lightly against the soles of his feet.

The torment was as great as if they had actually thrust his bare feet into the fire.

Frank writhed with agony. His face was deathly pale, and great drops of the sweat of torment stood out on his brow.

But still he would not cry out.

"I guess he's warm enough, now," announced Preston, with a wicked leer. "Wait."

The sophomore bully crossed the room and rang.

"Is the bath ready, mine host?" he asked, when the door opened.

"Quite ready, gentlemen," answered the landlord of this quiet den.

"Undress the baby!" ordered Preston, turning around.

Now, Frank's hands were freed. But he knew better than to attempt to fight this quartette.

They would have liked nothing better.

Almost in a twinkling Manley stood divested of every last bit of clothing, and his hands were again tied behind him.

"Bring him along," cried Preston, in half-drunken joy.

A sophomore on either side, Manley was forced along the corridor, out through the open door and into the snow.

"Now, run—let's see how well you can run!" ordered Preston, snapping the freshman victim with a light switch that he had brought along.

There was no help for it. Frank had to run, and he ran.

For a moment the wild idea entered his head of trying to outrun his persecutors. But that would have been worse than useless.

In the first place, his feet, scorched and blistered by the "warming," would not carry him far at great speed.

In the second place, he depended upon these sophs for the return of his clothing, without which he could not run anywhere.

So he took his orders with what patience he could.

Naked, through the snow, his sophomore tormentors ran him for more than two hundred yards.

Now, they stopped at the edge of a small pond.

A hole had been cut in the ice. Two ropes and a stubby, heavy anchor lay there.

"Great Scott!" shuddered Frank, inwardly. "This will be going just a shade too far!"

But he made no protest as they slipped a noose around his body and under his arms.

This done, they made the anchor fast to his legs.

"Now, we'll clean you in good shape!" jeered Preston. "Souse him, pals!"

Splash! Lifted, Manley was deliberately thrust through the hole in the ice.

Splash! The anchor was thrown in an instant later.

Down went the anchor, dragging Frank below the surface of the water.

Preston held to the rope tied to Manley. The other sophs held the rope that was to hoist the anchor.

Frank held his breath as he shot down under the water.

Soon he felt himself being drawn up again.

Then his head came above the water.

"Warm, freshie?" demanded a jeering voice.

"Phew! You're not clean yet!"

"Take three deep breaths!"

Frank got one. Then:

"Souse!"

Again the shivering, pain-wracked freshman victim sank down toward the bottom of the pond.

"Let him have a good one this time," proposed Preston, dropping the rope to the ice.

"Look out!" cried another soph, stepping on the rope just in time to prevent the rope from slipping through the hole in the ice.

"That was a narrow squeak," he muttered, bending and picking up the rope.

"Don't be a baby," sneered Preston, taking the rope from his hand.

He let it fall to the ice once more.

This time the other soph contented himself merely with stepping on the rope.

"Don't carry this thing too far, Preston!"

"Pooh!"

"We'd better haul up now."

"Pshaw! Freshie hasn't been down there fifteen seconds."

"Yes, he has."

"I say he hasn't," retorted Preston, defiantly.

"Hold on there, Ferd," warned another sophomore. "This is the wrong time to quarrel. We'll pull him up now."

"No, we won't!"

"Yes, we will!"

"I say no!"

"Stop your fooling."

"Stand back there!"

"Hoist!"

There was a lively scuffle in an instant.

Preston, drunken and sullen, full of rage and hate, tried cunningly to prevent the hoisting.

He was the strongest of any of the quartette.

For a few moments his strength prevailed to hinder.

Then, suddenly, one of the dismayed sophs darted in and struck Preston a blow below the belt that toppled him over.

"Now, fellows, hoist like lightning!" shouted this soph.

As quickly as they could, they brought Frank Manley's head above the surface.

The young freshman neither spoke nor looked at them. His eyes were closed and he did not breathe.

Terrified, now, beyond measure, the sophomores drew their victim out and laid him upon the ice.

While one of them held a hand over Frank's mouth, another placed his ear over the freshman's heart and the third grabbed at Manley's pulse.

"Well?" leered Preston, regaining his feet and coming forward.

"I hope you're satisfied now!" gasped one of the sophs, in a scared voice.

"Oh, quit your fooling," grinned Preston, yet he looked scared.

"This is no joke, Ferd, as I'm afraid we'll soon find out. There isn't a breath left in this poor wretch of a freshman!"

Stoic by the shock, the hazers looked at each other in horror.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A SOPHOMORE FRIEND.

"How's the patient?" asked Joe, tip-toeing into the room.

"He's nothing of the sort," replied Hal, smiling.

"How's that?"

"He's not patient at all. He's talking about that Latin recitation."

"Hang the Latin recitation!"

"That's the view I wanted him to take of it, but he says——"

"Hullo, Joe, old man! Come in. There's no use in whispering out there. Hal is trying to make a sick man of me, and I won't have it. Come in!"

"I don't want to disturb——" began Joe, tip-toeing toward the door of Manley's bedroom.

"Then don't stand out there, whispering, like the undertaker's man. Come in, or I'll get up and come out to you."

Joe slipped into the room, bent over the bed and grasped the hand that Frank thrust out to him.

"How are you feeling, old chap?" Joe asked, eagerly.

"How should a fellow be feeling after a cold bath?" chirped Frank. "Fine, I assure you."

"That was a mighty close call," said Joe, shaking his head.

"Do you, too, think it was the only cold bath I ever took?" demanded Frank. "You fellows make me tired!"

"But you were brought home mighty near dead," muttered Joe. "Your mother——"

"Great Scott! You fellows didn't lose your heads, and send for my mother!"

"We were debating——"

"But you didn't do it?"

"No."

Frank heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, you fellows haven't gone plumb crazy."

"Frank, old man, you don't realize what a close call you had. You surely will stay in bed to-day."

"I surely won't."

"Then we'll tie you down."

"If you do, there'll be trouble brewing when I get untied," Manley muttered, with a shake of his head.

"Has Hal told you what happened last night?"

"Not a word."

"He hasn't?"

"No; he was afraid it would get on my nerves and upset me, I suppose."

"Then I must tell you, old man."

"I wish you would, Joe."

"Well, we don't know, of course, how you came to be out at that house past Woodbridge. Something to do with hazing, as near as we could find out."

"It was," Frank uttered, grimly.

"Some students who had been hazing you put you through the ice and kept you there too long. They got scared, carried you up to the house and left you there. Then the proprietor of the place telephoned for doctors, and two of them went up there. They had a fearful time bringing you around, Frank. For more than an hour they worked without any hope of saving you."

"I'm glad they continued to be industrious," smiled Frank.

"Well, at last they got you back to life. Do you remember that?"

"I remember something, but it's all so hazy that I can't tell you what I do remember, except that there were lights, and people bending over me, and pouring something down my throat—coffee, I guess it was."

"Well, the folks found papers in your pocket that told who you were. At two o'clock this morning they brought you here in a cab. One of the doctors was still with you. We fellows had just got in, for, when we missed you at the cross-roads, we scented some mischief. Preston was in that game, wasn't he?" asked Joe, breaking off abruptly.

"Yes."

"That settles him, when we get hold of him," gritted Joe.

"No, it doesn't," retorted Manley, quietly. "I want you fellows to leave Preston to me. He belongs to me."

"Oh—well!" answered Joe, in a voice that was not a promise.

He turned to wink at Hal, who, quiet as ever, stood in the doorway.

"The doctor who brought you here," went on Hal, taking up the thread of the story, "said you wouldn't be fit to get up out of bed before to-morrow, even if then."

"Then that doctor doesn't know his business," laughed Frank.

Tod came quietly to the door of the bedroom, and stood looking on.

"It was Preston's gang," nodded Joe to the lastcomer.

"Of course it was," grunted Owen. "Didn't we know that without having to wait to be told?"

There was a sharp knock on the outer door.

Hal stepped to the door, admitting an upper classman whom he did not know.

"Is Manley all right this morning?" asked the caller, stepping into the room, with an air of embarrassment.

"Oh, he's awake and chatting, if that's what you mean," Hal replied.

"Can I see him a moment?" went on the caller.

"Oh, yes, certainly; that can do no harm. Step right in to the room on your right. Frank, here's a caller."

There was another visitor, too—Jackets Winston, who stepped in on tiptoe and took up position behind Tod.

The upper classman stepped into Manley's bedroom, with the air of one who had a duty to perform.

"Manley," began the caller. "I'm glad—mighty glad—to know that you're coming along all right."

"Oh!" was Manley's only response, as he turned his gaze upon the visitor.

"You recognize me, I see."

"Yes."

"Gentlemen," went on the caller, turning to the other, "I'm Stearns, sophomore class. I—I was one of Manley's hazers last night."

Like a flash Jackets glided to the outer door, turned the key in the lock, took out the key, dropped it in one of his pockets and came back.

"One of the hazers?" repeated Hal, taking a step forward.

Joe had risen. He was looking sternly at the visitor.

"Stearns," said Prescott, "I admire your courage. It takes a mighty brave man to come here and admit that he was mixed up in last night's dirty business. It was worse than rowdyism. It was a job that no man could be engaged in."

"That's right," Stearns admitted, quietly.

"And yet you have the nerve to come here?"

"To offer my apology to Manley for my share in the drunken disgrace."

"Oh!"

Ignoring Joe, Stearns passed him and went close to our hero.

"Manley, I offer you my apology for my share in last night's business. Until I woke up this morning I didn't realize quite how disgraceful my conduct had been. I do now. Had I been sober it wouldn't have happened. Hereafter I shall not have that excuse to hide behind. I shall be sober all the time and fully responsible for all I do. I shall not only cut out drinking, but I shall cut out the crowd that I have been wasting my time with. That, however, will not interest you. Will you accept my sincere apology?"

"Why, certainly!" Frank answered, holding up his hand.

Stearns took the hand for a moment, looking down at the young freshman.

"Manley, I want to tell you what magnificent grit you showed last night. I never saw a freshman take his medicine better."

"Though, at the time, you called me a squealer," smiled Frank.

"I wouldn't have blamed you, had we dared to carry out that part of the programme," Stearns replied, quickly. "You would have done right to squeal, had we gone that far. You're every inch a man, Manley, and I shall be your friend here at Yale. I hope you'll be my friend—if you ever get to know me better."

"I shall hope to know you better," said Frank, pleasantly. "You've done the square thing in coming here as you did."

"And now, as I can see that you're all right, I'm going to leave," proposed Stearns. "Unless—I believe one of your friends intimated something—"

He glanced at Joe.

"You've disarmed me," admitted Joe. "I've no quarrel with the fellow who makes a beast of himself and then has the sand and the grace to admit it."

"Then, if there's nothing more that I can do, I'll take

myself out of the way until I can be more useful," said Stearns, with a queer look at the other. "Manley, I hope you'll favor me with your friendship. Mine is yours, and always will be."

"Wait a moment," begged Jackets, as he saw the sophomore go toward the door.

With a face that flushed slightly, Winston slipped in the key and shot back the bolt.

"You're quite right," said Stearns, in a low voice, as he passed out.

"We'll see Preston here next," grinned Tod.

"If he comes, it had better be with a bodyguard," flashed Hal. "If Preston had been as much of a man in the first place as Stearns just showed himself to be, there wouldn't have been any trouble."

"What's the time?" asked Frank, suddenly, for Hal had taken the clock from the room.

"Nine-twenty," replied Tod, before he thought, and was promptly rewarded with black looks by Hal and Joe.

"Time to get up, then," muttered Frank, "if I'm to make that Latin recitation."

"Oh, bother the recitation!"

But Frank pushed down the clothes and stepped out of bed. Without an instant's delay he began pulling on his underclothing.

"Let him alone," said Joe, wisely. "He'll soon find out just how strong he is."

But Manley went on dressing, unconcernedly. Then, when nearly dressed, he stepped out into the other room, and pushed one of the windows further up.

"You might let us do that for you," grumbled Jackets.

But, with a light laugh, Frank picked up a pair of Indian clubs.

In a twinkling these were describing curves about his head.

As he worked, the clubs flew ever faster and faster.

For a full three minutes he kept them in motion, then came to a quick, graceful stop and stepped over to the open window.

For another sixty seconds he stood breathing deeply, while the other young men looked at each other.

"Any one want to try a light wrestling bout?" Frank inquired, pleasantly, as he turned from the window.

"Yes," grunted Joe. "I'll wrestle you to see whether I can put you back on the bed."

"Very good," smiled Frank, advancing.

Joe, caught almost unawares, was neatly turned over and laid on the floor.

"Do you think I can stand a little thing like a recitation?" laughed Frank. "And I've only two altogether, you know, for to-day."

Frank finished dressing. He was a splendid example of the reserve force that athletics give a young man in a time of hard knocks.

As he picked up his cap and his books, Hal also picked up a cap.

"I didn't know you had anything on for this hour," Frank hinted.

"I haven't, but I'm going along with you to see how you get along."

"No, you're not," disputed Frank. "I'm not going to let you fellows play the baby with me. Much obliged to you all, and I'll see you in a little while."

With that he was out of the room, leaving four rather disconcerted young men behind him.

"Oh, well," muttered Joe, "he'll come along all right. Frank never shows off. He's got the strength, or he wouldn't attempt what he's doing."

Two corners below, Frank received a slight jolt.

There at the corner, lounging and smoking a cigar, stood Ferd Preston.

"Looks as if he's waiting for me," mused Frank. "I'm glad I didn't let any of the fellows come along. They're too hot behind their neckties this morning."

"I've been waiting for you, Manley," said Preston, tossing away the stump of his cigar.

"I guessed as much," Frank retorted.

Then he looked critically at Preston's right eye.

"That eye isn't as black as it might be," nodded Frank. "It was pretty well painted out. Let me congratulate you on your beauty doctor."

"Don't get fresh with me!" raged Preston, flushing up.

"And why shouldn't one get fresh with you, or do anything else with you that he pleases?" retorted Frank, in a voice that was dangerously quiet. "Who are you? What are you? What in thunder are you good for, except to cast a shadow when the sun is out? Did you ever do a decent act in your life? Does any decent being, who knows much about you, shake your hand?"

Preston's face went from red to white.

"I'll drum that sort of talk out of you!" he raged.

"What's this? A fight?"

It was Thayer, of the senior class, one of Manley's first friends at Yale, who put the question.

He and another senior had just turned the corner. They stopped short on seeing Preston's inflamed face and his warlike attitude.

"It's going to be a fight, if this freshie doesn't apologize!" roared Preston.

The two seniors stood stock still.

Three juniors, seeing the gathering from afar, hurried up. Then came a small squad of sophomores, all eager for promised excitement.

Preston looked around with evident annoyance. He did not relish all this publicity.

But Frank stood still, without speaking.

"What's the matter, Preston?" called one of his own class members.

"This infernal freshman is the matter!" declared Preston.

"Then, why don't you trounce him?"

"Won't the freshie fight?"

"That was just the question that I was putting to myself," Frank replied, looking around at the little throng. "I was wondering whether this fellow is entitled to a fight."

"Entitled?" gasped Preston. "By what right can you refuse to fight?"

"On the ground that you are not my equal, perhaps," hinted Manley, smiling.

"Not your equal?" frothed the sophomore bully, advancing.

But Thayer laid a restraining hand on Preston's shoulder.

"Wait," suggested the senior. "Let us see whether Manley has any justification to offer for his statement. Manley, do you mean that you do not consider Preston a gentleman?"

"That's a part of my meaning," Frank replied, coolly.

"Not a gentleman, you insignificant little rat of a freshman?" bellowed Preston, again attempting to rush at Manley.

But Thayer had again taken a hold, and a stronger one, on the soph.

"Wait a minute, Preston. Don't prove the charge against yourself. Manley, you've used some rather strong language. It ought to be backed up. Have you anything to say before you fight?"

"Just this," Frank retorted: "I won't call Preston a beast, because that would be an insult to the beast. If Preston wishes me to tell you all on which I base my statement, I will do so at once, on his request. After I have told that, then, if you decide that I can fight this fellow without loss of dignity, I will do so at once."

"Shut up and fight—that's the thing for you to do!" glowered Preston. "Gentlemen, this squealer wants to air a little scrape that I got into."

"I am not offering to speak of the matter to any but our own fellow Yale men," Frank retorted. "Certainly, they are a fair court of honor to decide whether I can fight you without sully my hands. Shall I speak, Preston?"

"You'll shut up—that's what you'll do!" choked the bully.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," broke in Thayer, with his deliberate drawl, "that Manley has no right to fight. He appears to accuse Preston of something that Preston doesn't dare to have ventilated. Now, if it were just an ordinary student scrape, Preston wouldn't be afraid to have it discussed here before his college mates. Therefore, unless Preston will request Manley to make a statement supporting his charge, then why shouldn't we conclude that Manley is right, and that Preston doesn't deem it wise to meet the issue?"

"Oh, if you fellows are all going to take this freshie's part," growled Preston, "then I've nothing more to say. This matter will keep until another time."

With which lame crawl-out, and with a parting scowl at Manley, Preston thrust his hands into his pockets and strode away.

"Look out for that fellow, Manley," advised Thayer, just before he parted from our hero. "Preston is not a good sort, and he's done up a few fellows who went counter to him here. He's a bully, but he doesn't lack a certain brute courage."

Later in the day, as Frank was strolling along Chapel Street, Ferd Preston pointed him out to a shabbily dressed, rough-looking fellow.

"That's the man. You'll know him again?"

The rough-looking one took a shrewd, careful survey of Manley.

"You bet I'll know him again."

"Rogers, I've engaged you because you're supposed never to fail."

"I never do fail!" growled the rough-looking one.

"Then you'll do that chap up without fail?"

"He's as good as done, already," came the gruff response.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TEETH OF THE BULLDOG.

"You're not studying too hard, dear?"

Kitty Dunstan put the question anxiously.

It was evening, and Frank, having all study done for the day, had gone out to the Dunstan house on Whitney Avenue.

They were seated in a luxurious little reception-room.

Frank, leaning back in a big, roomy chair, had been unusually quiet for the last few minutes.

Kitty, quick to note every change and every mood in her sweetheart, had put the question.

"Studying too hard?" Frank repeated. "No; I'm certain that I am not. Fact is, I'm a lucky fellow and don't have to study long to get a lesson fixed in my mind. And I'm not taking up too much work at college, either."

"But I thought you looked very tired."

Tired? Truth to tell, he was. Manley was not, by any means, over the tough experience of the night before.

"Oh, I suppose I do tire easily sometimes," Frank admitted, smiling.

"But why?" Kitty insisted, anxiously. "You never used to tire. You were such a splendid, great, strong, athletic fellow that you seemed proof against fatigue. You had plenty of excitement always at Woodstock. Do you think that the dulness here wears on you? That you miss, in New Haven, the excitement that you don't get here?"

Excitement? As Frank thought of the strenuous night before, he burst into a roar of laughter.

Kitty looked at him in astonishment.

"Oh, I guess I can explain it all, Kit, girl," Frank went on, smilingly. "You see, Yale is all a new life to me. I haven't gotten adjusted here yet—that's all. It's very different from Woodstock, of course. No fellow ever does take school very seriously. But a fellow must take college seriously, for here he's fitting himself out for the real fighting life that is to come. That's it, Kit. My glance is always toward the battlefield of to-morrow. That makes me quiet sometimes—sobers me up, you know. And now you've brought me out of my brown study, let's talk about something more interesting than myself."

"There isn't any such other topic for me," said Kitty, shyly, and that, of course, started the talk in other channels right away.

In fact, the time passed so quickly and pleasantly that Frank was astonished when the clock on the mantel chimed ten.

"That's my signal, Kit," he laughed, jumping up. "I must be home and asleep in half an hour. Regular hours are more necessary for me than ever."

Kitty did not try to detain him, much as she wanted to. In the hallway she helped him into his overcoat, with loving care.

There were the usual kisses, the whispered words, and—but that's no one else's business!

Frank walked down Whitney Avenue briskly and with a good deal of snap.

He was light-hearted and cheery once more, as he always was after an evening with Kitty Dunstan.

All the world was bright ahead of him.

As he passed a tree-box, Frank had a momentary glimpse of a man standing there at its side, smoking a pipe.

As this was nothing strange, the young freshman passed on without a second glimpse.

Twenty feet further Frank went.

Then, all in a flash, it struck him that something was wrong.

He had a sense of something rushing up stealthily behind him.

Frank did not simply turn.

He jumped four or five feet to one side, and, as he did so, wheeled about.

As he did so, he saw a man behind him.

It was the same man who had been behind the tree-box.

As Frank jumped to one side, the fellow also leaped in the same direction.

Our hero thought he saw something in the fellow's extended right hand, but now it had vanished.

As he landed and wheeled, Manley went instantly down to his knees.

This movement, executed with the speed of lightning, caught the other off his guard.

With a quick reach, Frank thrust out both hands, seized the fellow's ankles, and yanked them toward him.

Bump! Mr. Stranger sat down on the sidewalk, and sat down hard.

In the same instant, Frank Manley leaped to his feet.

But where was the something that Frank was sure he had seen in the fellow's hand?

It was gone, now.

In appearance, the thing had been a short bludgeon.

Therefore, Manley was not much afraid.

Of a man and a bludgeon, face to face, he could take very good care.

So long as the weapon was not a knife, Manley regarded his foe with contempt.

But quickly as the fellow had sat down he was on his feet again, crouching and staring sulkily at Manley.

"Well?" demanded Frank, coolly.

"Pass on."

"After you."

"Go on and mind your own business."

"Don't you think," mocked the young freshman, "that I'll be attending pretty well to my own business by watching you?"

"Pass on!"

"Now, see here, what did you mean by trying to jump on me?"

"I didn't."

"Well, then, that must be a difference of opinion. But what did you have in your hand?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, come now!"

"Are you going to pass on?" demanded the fellow, roughly.

"Not because you want me to."

"Then I'll make you!"

Frank was not slow to guess that the rough-looking one was purposely seeking to provoke a fight.

If that was the case, the young freshman was quite ready.

"You clear on out of this," warned the fellow, "or I'll make you wish you had."

"Oh, now we're beginning to understand each other," mocked Frank.

The fellow made a sudden dart forward, for the purpose of grappling with our hero.

But Frank, on the alert, dodged, and took his own hold.

He grabbed both of the fellow's wrists, threw himself down, thrust one foot up in the thug's stomach, and pulled the rascal over his head to the sidewalk.

It seemed a part of the same maneuver that Frank rolled, and was on top of his adversary.

"You don't know much about wrestling," mocked Frank.

But the thug, with a sudden roll, proved that he did know a thing or two about wrestling.

Manley was pitched to his side, and now the two fought for the uppermost position.

While the silent, deadly fight was going on, the fellow got his right hand free for an instant.

And now there appeared in his hand a long thing, shaped like a sausage—a canvas bag tightly stuffed with sand.

This was the typical sandbag of the thug, a weapon with which a skull can be crushed in.

"Now, I've got you!" snarled the thug.

He aimed a blow at Manley's head.

But Frank, with a shudder, caught that right wrist, and held on to it for all it was worth.

Again they rolled and battled.

And now, as they fought, the sandbag was dropped to the ground.

A roll, and the sly rascal caught the thing with his left hand.

Then, for an instant, he came on top.

Up went the left hand. Down it came, to strike the blow that should end life for the young freshman.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE BULLY AT BAY.

Clutch!

By the sheerest good luck, Manley was just in time to guard against the descending blow.

Then he caught the wrist.

At the same instant, by an exercise of his utmost strength he rolled over with the thug.

And now Frank was on top, with a second's chance to strike a blow of his own.

It landed under the rough-looking one's left jaw.

There was a gasp, and the fellow lay quiet for an instant.

It was long enough for Manley to secure the sandbag and to drop it into one of his own pockets.

Then there was just time to roll the thug face downward, and to kneel on his back.

Then the fellow, who had been but lightly knocked out, began to breathe and squirm.

"Be still!" warned Manley, in an ugly tone. "I don't want to hit you with your own weapon. It isn't a gentleman's weapon. But I'll have to use it if you give me any trouble."

Unable to see that Manley didn't have the sandbag in his hand, the thug lay quiet.

"Let me go," he said, gruffly.

"Where?" mocked Frank. "To the police station?"

At once the thug began to squirm again.

"If you keep that up," warned Frank, "I swear I'll take you to the lock-up."

Instantly the thug began to move like a human volcano.

"There's no help for you!" ground Manley.

Crack! With his clenched fist the young freshman struck his foe a blow that knocked him out.

Now, leaping up, Manley worked quickly.

First of all, he wrenched off the thug's frayed overcoat.

Then he bent over the fellow, forcing his hands behind him and tying them.

This was hardly done when the rough-looking one opened his eyes again.

"Here, let me go," he whined. "I didn't mean no harm."

"I believe you," mocked Frank.

"For heaven's sake, don't turn me over to the cops! Do you want to see a poor wretch like me sent up for seven or eight years?"

"Is that what the judges would do to you?" demanded Frank.

"Yes; for they'd believe you against a poor man like me."

"Would you like to earn your freedom?" demanded Manley, whose brain was working fast.

"Earn my freedom? How?"

"Let me help you to your feet," suggested Manley, dragging his late assailant to an upright position. "Now, I'll throw your overcoat over your shoulders and button it in front. So! Now, if you don't try to make a fuss, no

one will know that your hands are tied. Mr. Sandbag, you're going along with me. If you make any fuss at any stage of the game, over to the police you go! If you behave, you may—I don't say you will—escape the police. Now, are you willing to walk along quietly with me?"

"Where to?"

"Why," Frank explained, with pretended good nature, "we're going to see Mr. Ferd Preston—Mr. Ferd Preston, at present of Yale!"

"Preston?" demanded the thug, holding up short. Then he inquired, innocently:

"Who's Preston?"

"The fellow who hired you to do me up," Frank retorted, coolly. "He is your employer to-night. So, if you don't know him, come right along and I'll make you acquainted."

"But I don't know the party you're talking about."

"See here," Frank broke in, crisply, "it happens that we've got to take a little walk together. But I don't like your style of man very well, so I'd just as soon not have any talk with you. Just keep your tongue behind your teeth, will you? and walk along quietly with me. Remember, no talk!"

They were soon in the well-lighted streets of New Haven. Manley kept on, his silent companion treading stolidly at his side.

"Hullo, Manley! out for the air?"

Frank turned, to find himself looking at Policeman Ryan, who, in uniform, was standing in a doorway.

"Out on a little matter of business," Frank replied. "Aren't you on duty rather late to-night, Mr. Ryan?"

"Oh, I'm off, and on my way home," replied the policeman, one of the few whom Frank knew in New Haven. "Just on my way home."

"Oh, by the way," hinted Frank, taking hold of his silent prisoner, "have you time to do me a little favor, Mr. Ryan?"

"Sure, I'd be glad to, for a nice fellow like you," replied the policeman. "Who's your friend?"

"A chance acquaintance I picked up," Frank smiled. Then he whispered in the officer's ear:

"A certain fellow, I believe, hired this fellow to do me up. As you see, I did him up instead. His hands are tied under his overcoat. Now, I want to bring this fellow face to face with his employer. It'd tickle me to death, officer, if you'd go along and just lend the sight of your uniform."

"Sure, I'll run them both in, if you'll make the charge," proposed the policeman, obligingly.

"I hope that won't be necessary," Frank replied, quickly. "You see, it's an affair with another Yale man, and I don't want to disgrace the college."

"Oh, a student row, is it?" demanded Policeman Ryan, with interest. "Sure, you college boys are the divvle and all!"

"Will you come?"

"Sure I will. Go ahead. I'll keep just behind you."

Stearns, of the sophomore class, roomed with a private family. Frank knew the address, and to that house he led

the way. He rang. Stearns was in, and quickly invited Manley to come up.

"It's awfully good of you to come and see me, Manley!" cried the penitent soph, holding out his hand. "But who—what—" as he caught sight of the pair coming up the stairs behind our hero.

"Let us in, Stearns, and I'll tell you," murmured Frank.

Stearns got the trio quickly into his apartment, and shut the door.

The apartment consisted of a parlor and a bedroom.

Frank quickly explained the situation to the amazed and disgusted soph.

"Well, if this is true," uttered Stearns, "then I'm wonderfully glad that I decided to cut Preston out. I didn't have the highest idea of him, but to hire a—"

He broke off, then demanded:

"How can I help you, Manley?"

"Will you take me into the next room?"

They passed through the door, leaving the bound thug and the grinning, expectant policeman together in the larger room.

For a few minutes Frank and Stearns conferred in whispers.

"Sure, I'll do that," agreed Stearns, at last.

Seating himself at his study desk, the sophomore hastily dashed off a note.

This done, he hurried out to send the note by a messenger.

"It ought to work like a charm, Manley," he nodded, when he came back.

Now, the thug and the policeman were shifted to the bedroom, out of sight.

Not many minutes later there came a knock at the door. Frank darted into the bedroom.

"I got your note, Stearns," greeted Ferd Preston, as he entered. "You asked me to drop everything and come at once, so I did."

"Glad of it," nodded Stearns, briefly.

"But what makes you look so strange, old fellow?" demanded the bully. "You look as if—"

But right there Preston stopped in angry amazement.

For through the open doorway of the bedroom stepped Frank Manley.

"What does this mean, Stearns?" cried Preston. "What is this infernal freshman doing here?"

But now another actor, even if a silent one, came upon the scene.

Rogers, the hired thug, minus his overcoat, and with his hands tied behind his back, stepped out into the parlor, pushed there by the unseen hand of Policeman Ryan.

Preston stared aghast, his face going quickly white.

"I found the fellow and this sandbag together," smiled Manley, mockingly. "You should have picked out a smarter agent, Preston."

Manley held up the sandbag.

Though he was deathly pale and shaking, not all of Preston's nerve deserted him.

He took a quick step forward, his face working with convulsive anger.

"Manley, you infernal whelp, what do you mean to insinuate?"

But now Policeman Ryan, looking as solemn as a hangman, stepped into the room.

Preston fell back against the wall, cowering.

"Ferd Preston," rang Stearns's disgusted voice, "you're a magnificent specimen of a gentleman!"

Preston's nerve had gone.

Into the nearest chair he fell, covering his face with his hands.

"Well?" demanded Stearns.

"Well?" insisted Manley.

"What have you to say?" supplemented Policeman Ryan, surveying the stricken bully, with no attempt to conceal his contempt.

Only the thug remained silent.

"Stearns," faltered Preston, "I didn't think this of you!"

"Didn't think what of me?" demanded the other soph.

"I never thought you would betray a friend."

"Why, hang you, Preston, I didn't furnish any evidence."

At the sound of that word, "evidence," full of significance just now, Preston rose, totteringly, to his feet.

"For heaven's sake, don't arrest me!" he cried, hoarsely. "I couldn't stand that."

"You must have thought I could stand being sandbagged," retorted Frank, mockingly.

"I—I—" shuddered the bully.

"Perhaps you thought it wouldn't hurt any?" hinted Manley.

"Oh, I see what a beast I was! I understand now. But for heaven's sake don't let me be arrested on such a charge."

"No, you shan't be arrested," mocked Frank.

Stepping over to the thug, Frank slashed the cord from the fellow's wrists.

"You ought to go to jail, Mr. Thug," said Frank, grimly, "but we couldn't send you there without damaging the delicate reputation of Mr. Ferd Preston. So clear out. If you're tempted to remain in New Haven, remember that this policeman knows you."

Not an instant did the thug lose in getting his overcoat and fleeing from the room.

Officer Ryan went along to see that the fellow really left the house.

Frank faced his foe with withering scorn.

"This isn't my room, Mr. Preston, but I have Mr. Stearns's authority for saying that you may go, too."

Preston, with the guilty air of the sneak, started toward the door.

Then he turned.

"Manley," he began, thickly, "I—I don't know quite how to say it, but—"

"That'll be about all," Frank broke in, pointing to the door.

Preston hurried out like a whipped cur.

"You let that fellow go for the good of the college, Man-

ley, and it was awfully good of you!" cried Stearns. "But don't feel too sure that you've put him down where he belongs. To-morrow, I'm afraid, he'll be uglier than ever. Keep your eye open for him as you would for a mad bull!"

## CHAPTER X.

### A YALE TRACK TIP.

"In my opinion we're going to have some swift freshmen this year."

Simple words enough, but they sent a thrill around the little group of student hearers.

For the man who had uttered the words was Mack, the great Yale trainer.

It was his duty to look after the physical training of the Yale athletes and to keep them in condition.

"Faster than usual?" asked Mr. Kennedy. He was another great man, in the opinion of Yale men, for he was their famous crew coach.

"One of the fastest lots in years," Mack replied.

Mr. Lush, the baseball coach, nodded.

"I've had my eye on several youngsters who may make good if their ball playing is up to what their base-running would probably be."

The conversation of these three veteran trainers, who had met just by chance that morning in the Yale gym, caused more than a ripple of interest among the sophs and juniors who had gathered within respectful hearing distance of the trainer and the coaches.

It is a college superstition that the year which sees an unusually promising lot of freshmen is, somehow, a first-class year all around in that college.

"Who looks like the best freshman runner?" asked Mr. Kennedy.

"Oh, that, of course," Trainer Mack replied, "is hard to say. It will take the outdoor trials to establish the answer beyond question. But there are at least half a dozen men of the first rank—for freshmen."

"Terrell?" asked some one.

"Probably as good a freshman runner as ever came into Yale, if he would only work reliably, but he won't."

"No; that's so. He works like a terror for three or four days. Then something else comes up, and Terrell forgets all about training for a week."

"There's Baxter," suggested Coach Lush.

"Yes, a speedy man, and he works hard," replied Trainer Mack, slowly. "For days it looks as if he were sure to be a first-liner. Then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, he goes slow for a few days. I'm afraid we never could feel sure of Baxter, no matter how well he shows up at preliminary training."

"Who are the other good ones?"

"Well, Dady, Loomis, Secor and Ampwater are about the best. They're all good, and the signs are that they'll be better. But I'm becoming disgusted with Terrell."

"There goes a freshman now," broke in Coach Lush. "By George! he doesn't do badly."

All eyes were turned to the running track in the balcony.

Frank had been up there for half an hour already, and had done a few laps at fair speed.

But now, for the first time, he had let himself out at his best.

As he ran, those below watched in silence.

But almost like a streak the performance was over, and Manley, breathing slightly harder, kept on at a slow walk.

"Who is he?" asked Trainer Mack, with new interest.

But no one seemed to know, until Dr. Anderson, the physical director, stepped out from his office.

"That? Oh, that's Manley, a new man—been here about a fortnight. He did a rather sensational bit of work on the flying trapeze a few days ago. A very well-trained freshman."

"Where was he trained?" asked Mack.

"Trained himself, mostly, I believe," replied Dr. Anderson.

"Hullo, up there!" hailed Mr. Mack, beckoning to Frank.

"Calling me, sir?" asked Frank, leaning over the rail.

"Yes. Will you get your wind in good condition, and then do your best sample lap? I want to watch it."

"Very good, sir."

Frank felt an inward thrill at having attracted the notice of Yale's trainer.

It was Manley's hope, later on, to shine a little in Yale athletics.

But to attract, at once, the notice of a man like Mack, was much more than he had expected.

"Let me know when you've got your wind, Manley."

"I've got it now, sir."

"All ready for a one-lap sprint?"

"Yes, sir."

"On your mark, then!"

"I'm set, sir."

"Go!"

Frank was up and off, like a flash, as the trainer's stopwatch began to pile up the fractions of the seconds.

On he went, with a leg action that delighted the trainer.

"He's a speeder, all right," muttered Mack, as his eyes followed the flying sprinter.

Click! Mauley had made his lap, and the watch stopped.

Mack stared at the dial in some surprise, then set the hands back and dropped the timer in his pocket.

"What time?" asked some one.

But Mack did not appear to hear.

Instead, he walked toward the spiral stairs, signing to Frank to come down.

No one of the eager onlookers felt like following. Trainer and new freshman were alone together when they met at the foot of the stairs.

"How long have you been running, Manley?"

"About three years, sir."

"What training have you had?"

"Why, no professional training, sir. I've taught myself."

what I could from reading and from watching good men at work on the track."

"What do you consider your best forte—sprinting or distance?"

"Why, that's more than I know, sir," Frank answered, slowly. "I've done quite a bit at both."

"And consider yourself good at both—eh?"

"Why, I suppose I was good, all right, in the schoolboy club that I belonged to," smiled Manley. "But this is at Yale, of course."

"The two laps I've seen you run makes me think you may be fairly good at Yale."

"Thank you, sir."

"For a freshman, that is," Trainer Mack added, drily. "Of course; I understand your meaning, sir."

"Going to try for the track team?"

"I shall, if I seem entitled to a try-out," Frank answered, modestly. "In fact, Mr. Mack, it is my intention to do all I can in athletics at Yale."

"Then I wish you'd see me often for the present, Manley."

"Oh, I will, sir," Frank promised, his color rising in his pleasure at having thus attracted the trainer's notice.

In the meantime, the news had flashed through the gym building that Mack had picked out a new freshman star for the track.

As running is the basis of athletics, and a good track man may be looked to develop strongly along other lines, there was a general inpouring of those who wanted to look at the new man.

"Is he better than Terrell?" was the question generally asked.

"Don't know; but I guess Mack thinks he will be with training."

"Attracting notice, is he? Manley? The deuce!"

This last remark was uttered under his breath by Ferd Preston, who had just entered the gym.

"Great Scott!" growled the sophomore bully to himself. "It won't do to have this little freshie carrying off any honors. But he won't, anyway. I've slated him to leave Yale mighty soon, and that will settle his hopes in athletics."

"Here comes Terrell!"

There was a general roar of interest from the augmented crowd when the best freshman runner of this year's bunch entered the gym in running togs.

"Wake up, Terrell!"

"Your day has come!"

"You're a back number already."

"Go back and be seated!"

"What's all the josh about?" asked Terrell, good-naturedly, as he walked up to the crowd.

"Oh, nothing," somebody answered. "Mack has found new running pet for the freshman class—that's all."

"I'm glad," said Terrell, amiably.

"Glad? For shame!"

"A ham? Not a bit of it," declared Terrell, easily. "I don't want to have my nose kept at the training grind-

stone all the time. If some one else has been found to hold up the class honor, I'm heartily glad. Just suits me. Who is he?"

"Manley—the fellow that Mack is talking to now."

Terrell took a look at the "new star"—a look in which there was not a particle of jealousy.

"Looks like a good man," he commented. "Hope he's a record-smasher."

Interest in Terrell died out at once. He was a wonderfully good sprinter, naturally, and Yale men were disgusted with a fellow who did not care to make the utmost of such a talent.

As the fellows turned away from the good-natured sprinter, Preston thrust an arm under his and drew him away from the crowd.

"See here, Terrell," whispered the soph, "do you know that you're a dub?"

"Always was," replied Terrell, coolly, and without taking offence.

"Why don't you want to lead your class at running?"

"Too much like work."

"Work? You toil hard enough over your books."

"That's different," Terrell replied. "I've got to make my living out of what I learn—not what I do in athletics."

"But you can't expect to amount to much at Yale unless you do something in athletics."

"That will make very little difference," said Terrell, sadly. "I figure that I can't afford to be here next year, anyway."

"What's the matter?"

"Can't raise the cash."

"See here, Terrell, could you get through the next year if you had three hundred dollars drop out of the skies."

"Why, yes, I could; but the skies aren't taken that way."

"Terrell, you go in for the track work, beat Manley at all points in it, and keep your mouth shut about why you're doing it, and I'll put up three hundred toward your next year's expenses here."

Terrell looked staggered.

"You don't mean it?" he gasped.

"I do mean it, and I always keep my word."

"Beat Manley, and earn three hundred dollars!"

It was a staggerer to the poor freshman, so terribly anxious to push his way through college.

"Beat Manley—that's just it," whispered Preston. "You don't have to win anything. All you have to do is always to be ahead of Manley in any feature of track work. Is it worth while?"

"Worth while? I should say so!"

"Then you'll do it?"

"By George! I will—unless Manley is really a better man than I."

"Oh, rot!" ejaculated Preston, impatiently. "You can hold Manley down if you work for it."

The poor freshman moved away like one in a trance.

"Try a go with Manley, Terrell!"

The demand came from several, as they saw him making his way toward the track staircase.

"Will you, Terrell?" asked Mack.

"Why, yes, if Manley cares to."

"Manley," called Trainer Mack, "will you try a lap against Terrell?"

"Certainly, sir."

There was a buzz of interest.

Mack quickly ascended the stairs, talked to the two candidates for a moment, and then placed them for the start.

"This is my first test against a sure-enough Yale man!" quivered Manley, inwardly, as he waited for the word.

"Go!"

Like a flash, the rivals were up and off. Each made a splendid start.

Every eye in the gym was upon them as they dashed around the track.

Each was working at the best that was in him.

First one was ahead, and then the other, but neither gained more than a foot of lead.

Manley was determined to win, if flesh and blood could stand it.

It was his first contest at Yale, and he must win!

Yet Terrell hung to him like a leech.

"Jove! Terrell has some one to make him hunch!"

"A new man and a good one!"

They were nearing the line, now, where Trainer Mack stood to note the winner.

They were side by side as they approached, each man straining for all he was worth in the last few yards.

Seven or eight yards away from Mack, Manley fairly threw himself forward.

There was a cheer.

"Manley wins!"

Trainer Mack stepped to the rail, leaning over.

"Manley won that dash," he announced, "but only by a foot or so. It was all but a tie."

More cheers went up.

Preston clenched his fists tightly.

"Thunder! Terrell has got to do better than that!"

Unintentionally, the big soph spoke out loud.

"Oh, Terrell will do better—heaps better, if he only wants to," replied some one. "Terrell hasn't been training or running any for ten days, you must remember."

Ferd Preston lay in wait for Terrell as he left the gym floor.

"See here, my boy, there must be no more performances like that one!"

"But I am out of training," protested the young freshman.

"You can do vastly better."

"I know it."

"Then you must."

"I will."

"Train every day after this."

"Every day, Mr. Preston."

"Remember, your next year's expense money."

"I shall beat Manley or die!" came the tremulous answer from the now thoroughly aroused Terrell.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PRESTON RESORTS TO THE DIABOLICAL.

"How do you do, Manley?"

The greeting came from Dr. Burgholdt, Preston's brother-in-law.

The time was evening, and the place Chapel Street.

Back of the physician stood a lady. That was all Frank noted about her at the moment.

"Manley, I want an earnest word with you. Can I have it?"

"Why, certainly, Doctor."

"My wife is with me. You know—Preston's sister. We both want a word with you. Won't you step up into the New Haven House parlor with us?"

"Why, with great pleasure," Frank answered, cordially.

Whatever dislike our hero might have for Preston, it did not extend to the sophomore's brother-in-law.

Dr. Burgholdt was a frank, friendly, honest fellow, one of the kind of men whom every one likes at first acquaintance and learns to like better as the acquaintance goes on.

"My dear," said the physician, turning, "I wish to present Mr. Manley."

Mrs. Burgholdt, who was thickly veiled, offered her hand, murmuring a few words of greeting.

Then Dr. Burgholdt turned and led the way into the hotel and up one flight to the ladies' parlor.

It so happened that the trio found themselves in sole possession of the large, cosy room.

Dr. Burgholdt led the way to the corner furthest from the door, where he placed seats.

"Manley," began the doctor, abruptly, "my brother-in-law is likely to find himself in a good deal of trouble."

"I am afraid so," Frank answered.

"The affair of the other night has leaked out. Your treatment nearly resulted in your murder, and it seems that the faculty has gotten wind of it."

"I hadn't heard of it," Frank replied, slowly.

"Well, the faculty is in possession of some of the facts of your hazing. I find no excuse for Ferd. He has been a wild fellow—a thoroughly wild fellow."

"Wild?" reflected Manley, with inward irony.

"But his disgrace, if disgrace comes, will fall very heavily on his sister. It is on my wife's account, and not on Preston's, that I am speaking to you. It will simply break her heart if the reckless young rascal is driven out of Yale."

"Indeed it will," agreed Mrs. Burgholdt, raising her veil.

Frank now gazed upon a face that was beautiful, sweet and refined; yet a face in which there were the strongest marks of suffering.

"I can't understand what has come over Ferd since he came to college," she said, brokenly. "But Ferd has been fearfully wild, and has been in scrape after scrape. A few, not all of them, have reached our father, who is all out of patience with Ferd, and has threatened to cut him

out of the family altogether. It was in order to try to keep Ferd out of mischief that my husband moved to New Haven."

"What can I do to help you?" asked Frank.

"The case is just this," the physician went on, quickly. "Quinn is the name of the rascal who runs that quiet, debauching students' resort out past Woodbridge—the place where you were so fearfully hazed. Now, the faculty have gotten hold of some parts of the story, and the first thing they did was to have Quinn raided by the police on a charge of unlawful liquor selling. Quinn has been arrested. It isn't the first case of the kind against him. If he is convicted this time, he stands to go to jail. So he has been to see me, and has told me that, if I can't help him out of his trouble, he will tell the whole story of the nearly fatal hazing. That will result in Ferd being expelled from Yale."

"And will result in my father disowning and disinheriting him," choked the sophomore's sister.

"So, if it comes to the worst," went on the physician, "you are the only one who can save us. If you are questioned by the faculty, Mr. Manley, what will you say?"

Mrs. Burgholdt's questioning eyes were turned upon him with all their force of pleading.

"Why," smiled Frank, "if I am questioned by the faculty, I think I had better admit that I was hazed. But I will deny that the hazing was brutally severe in any way, and will add that I rather enjoyed the nonsense. I will make it very plain that I have no complaint to offer. If I am pressed for any details of the hazing, I will refuse the details, and will stand by the refusal."

"Oh, if you only will!" cried Preston's sister, tearfully.

"By Jove, you're a brick!" called the doctor, gladly. "You will stick to it that the hazing was amusing rather than otherwise?"

"Certainly, for yourself and Mrs. Burgholdt," Frank agreed, readily.

"We are so anxious about Ferd," said the woman, presently. "Do you know anything about his conduct and life, Mr. Manley, that you would be willing to tell me?"

Frank, as he gazed at this good woman, replied, very truthfully, that there was nothing—nothing, he added to himself, that he would be willing to repeat to Ferd Preston's sister.

Dr. Burgholdt, studying Manley's face keenly, understood just what was meant by the freshman's answer.

"Oh, you have made me so happy, Mr. Manley!" said Mrs. Burgholdt, rising. "I do honestly hope that we shall see more of you. You will come out calling on us, won't you?"

"Madam," replied Frank, as he held her hand for a moment, "are you aware that Ferd Preston is my enemy?"

"I don't care," she retorted. "I shall be interested in ~~you just the same~~. Even if he is your enemy, I cannot help feeling that you are one of his best friends. You have lifted ~~such a load of sorrow~~ from my heart!"

"You have made the day happier for us," added the doctor. "Manley, I add my hope to my wife's that you will

run out and see us when you can. We shall keep a cordial welcome for you always, and feel indebted for any calls you may make on us."

At the corner below they parted.

"Well, it was worth it to make such a good woman happier," Frank murmured, as he strolled along. "Great Dewey! I wonder how it happens that so many skunks of fellows have women folks who are almost divinely good? I'm glad Kitty hasn't a brother, for I'm sure he'd be a rascal. But a sister like Mrs. Burgholdt makes a fellow feel kindly toward every infernal rascal. I beg your pardon, sir!"

For Frank, strolling along in a brown study, had bumped into a stranger.

"Pardon granted," came the laughing answer. "And now that I look at you I believe that you are one of the very young men for whom I was looking."

"Let me congratulate you on your good fortune," smiled Frank.

"You are Mr. Manley, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You know Audrey, of your class?"

"Quite as well as I know any of the freshmen outside of my immediate friends."

"Yes; I have often heard Audrey speak of you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I am Audrey's brother. I'd like to talk with you for a few moments. I have a favor to ask."

The stranger, who seemed both pleasant and well-bred, led the way into a side street.

"I suppose you know that my brother has developed a wild streak since coming to college?"

"No, I didn't," Frank responded, promptly. "I thought him a very steady young fellow."

"As a matter of fact, he's quite the opposite. Jim has developed a bad streak for gambling."

"What's your object in telling me this?" Frank asked, curiously.

"Why, Manley, I'm seeking hard for some way of pulling Jim out of his pet vice. Now, I've made some inquiries, and I believe that you're a straightforward young fellow who can help me."

"In what way?"

"If you'll come with me I'll take you to the house where Jim plays nearly every night. We'll walk in upon him. He doesn't think that any of his classmates know of his fondness for the cards and chips. He'll feel ashamed when you walk in on him. A few straight words from you, I believe, will set him straight and get him out of this fearful habit. Do you mind going with me and making the effort?"

"Why, I'll be glad enough to help," Frank answered. "But if Jim Audrey tells me that it's none of my business and that I have a first-class chance to shut up, why—that'll be about all. I can't meddle in your brother's business if he doesn't want me to."

"Good!" cried the stranger, joyously. "A young man

who talks as you do is just the sort of fellow to win with Jim. Come along, won't you? I know you will."

So, though rather reluctantly, our hero permitted himself to be piloted.

"First, a fellow's sister, and then a fellow's brother!" muttered Frank to himself. "I seem to be right in the saving business to-night. Some one has gotten me mixed up with the college missionary. However, it will be a chance to see what a gaming place looks like, anyway. I have never seen one yet."

Several corners were turned. Manley found himself treading through a district of New Haven that was unfamiliar to him.

But at last they halted before a house from which there came no ray of light.

There was not even any sign that the place was inhabited.

"They keep the blinds down tight in that place," said Frank's companion, significantly. "They have to. The faculty at Yale make prompt charges against any place in which college men are suspected of playing."

The stranger led the way up the steps, reached for the bell-button and rang the signal.

Promptly enough the door opened, but there was a chain on the inside. A pair of eyes peered out.

"Audrey," said the stranger.

Then, in silence, the door swung open. Manley and his companion passed into an unlighted hall.

"Pass ahead of me upstairs," murmured the elder Audrey.

Frank went up, slowly, gropingly.

All of a sudden, in the darkness, he felt himself seized from behind.

In the same instant a cloth, saturated with chloroform, was held over his nostrils.

For a few seconds the young freshman fought desperately. But he was strongly held.

His brain began to whirl, his muscles to weaken, and then to stiffen.

Before he could break loose from that strong hold, his mind became a blank.

When he came to, Frank found himself lying on a bed, tied there hand and foot to the bedposts, while a gag fitted loosely in his mouth.

There was a dim light in the room, from one flickering gas-jet, turned low.

Beside the bed sat Preston.

"Oh, you've come to, eh?" sneered the sophomore bully.

"What's this?" demanded Frank, sternly. "Another hazing?"

He spoke with difficulty, on account of the loose gag that was between his teeth.

"Yes," Preston laughed, jeeringly, "another hazing—the final one. This winds you up!"

"It may wind you up, too," retorted Manley. "You're about at the end of your rope, it seems, with the faculty, and also with your father. If your father gets a single

idea of what you're doing here in New Haven he'll kick you out and cut off your money."

"Yes?" leered the bully.

"Yes; I happen to have my news straight."

"Oh! From whom?"

"Never mind."

"You won't tell me?"

"I wouldn't mention the name of my informant to you!"

"Oh, well, never mind!" laughed Preston. "We'll talk about your troubles—not mine. Do you happen to remember my promise that I'd drive you out of Yale?"

"Yes," said Manley, shortly.

"Well, I've about done it."

"You've got a lively imagination!" sneered the freshman.

"You're going to write your resignation," exclaimed Preston. "In that resignation, addressed to the faculty, you're going to plead guilty to certain forms of misconduct that will show you unfit to be a student at Yale."

"You've got the resignation all written out, I suppose?" Frank jeered.

"I've got it all in my head. You're going to write it, Manley, from my dictation. I'll attend to the mailing of it, though. When you've signed the paper that I'm going to dictate to you, Manley, you'll be glad enough to sneak out of New Haven on the first train."

"I see only one flaw to your scheme," sneered Manley.

"What's that?"

"I won't write the paper, or sign it! You could kill me before I'd sign any paper that would disgrace my good name."

"Oh, I've provided for all that," laughed Preston, shortly. "If you don't write and sign, then something else will happen that will make you glad to leave New Haven and all the haunts of men."

"You think you can do all that?"

"I know I can. Listen, Manley. If you refuse to obey me down to the last particular, then I'm going to send for a tattooer who is awaiting the summons. He will tattoo on your face designs that will make you ashamed to face any living being after this. And those tattooed designs won't come off. They'll last as long as your face does. Why, man, with such pictures as I propose tattooed on your face, you'd commit suicide in sheer horror."

"You've got to guess again, Preston, all around."

Yet Frank Manley shuddered.

He felt his flesh creep and the cold sweat of terror and mental agony stand out.

For he believed fully that Preston would prove to be guilty of such an infamy.

"Think it over a minute, and you'll give in," hinted Preston.

"No, I won't."

"Then I'll carry out my threat."

"I know you will, Preston, and I'll devote my life to getting fully even with you!"

Preston's lip curled scornfully.

"You're talking bosh, Manley. You ought to know,

already, that you've got no show against the forces of money and superior cleverness. So you'd better agree to take my orders. All I really want to do is to drive you from Yale. Do you give in?"

"I'll neither write nor sign anything at your order." Preston bent over, staring intently into Manley's eyes. But unflinching resolve was written there.

"Very good, then, Manley, have your own way. I'll send for my tattooer. The job will be done as I have promised."

Preston paused, before he asked:

"Have you any last word of surrender to say?"

"Not a word!"

Preston produced a bottle and a cloth.

"When you become conscious again, Manley, the job will have been done. You'll have a tattooed face that will be a marvel!"

The gag was tightened by a quick twist so that the young athlete could not call out.

Then the sickening odor of chloroform was in the air.

A moment later, and Manley knew nothing.

## CHAPTER XII.

"YOU SAID YOU'D DRIVE ME OUT OF YALE!"

When Manley next came to he could not, for a moment, account for his being where he was.

He was lying on the same bed, still bound and gagged. Then the whole horror of his situation came upon him.

"Merciful heaven! Has it been done? Have I been tattooed, as that demon threatened?"

Manley paused, thinking, wondering.

Did his face feel as if it had been worked upon—daubed and pricked?

Yes, it did. There could be no doubt about it.

"But has the fearful work really been done?" he groaned. "Or is it only a nervous sensation that the awful dread causes?"

He tried to determine. Yet the more he thought about it the more frantic he became.

"I must get free! I must know the worst!" he cried, in a frenzy of agony.

He struggled—fought against his bonds with the strength and desperation of a madman.

He felt that he would go mad if he discovered that the work of the tattooer had been performed.

His bonds creaked and strained, but they did not yield.

He fought only the harder. His frenzy gave him strength fourfold.

Snap! Something gave way, at last, but he was not free. Again he put in all the last bit of strength that he could summon.

Snap! Something else had given.

"I can get out of this—away from here!" he cried, feverishly, and strained on against his bonds.

Then, suddenly, he found his hands free. He snatched the gag from his mouth, and felt in a pocket for his knife.

His feet were quickly free. He sprang from the bed, gliding swiftly though stealthily to the door.

It was locked. There was no key there.

"If I make a racket I'll bring trouble running," he quivered.

So, after turning down the gas until only a tiny bead of flame remained, he stole to one of the windows.

The heavy shade was down, but Manley sent it up cautiously.

As he peered across the street, Manley caught sight of two uniformed policemen on the sidewalk opposite.

They were gazing curiously at the building in which he was still a prisoner.

"It's simple enough, now, to get out," thought Manley, bitterly. "All I have to do is to raise the window, or smash a pane, and shout for help. But has my face been so disfigured that I will not want to be seen by men?"

As he stood looking out of the window he saw two more men, in citizens' clothing, join the policemen.

One of the pair threw his overcoat open sufficiently to reveal a heavy sledge-hammer.

Then he covered the implement again, and both of the men in plain clothes dodged into a doorway.

Now the meaning of it all dawned upon our hero.

The building in which he was—the same at which the policemen had been looking—was, in reality, a gambling house. The police were about to raid the place.

"Oho, Preston!" flashed our hero, bitterly. "Perhaps you have so disfigured me that I shall have to leave Yale—shall have to give up life, in fact—but you will be caught in this raid. Your disgrace is coming—your expulsion and your last row with your father! Caught in your own trap, mine enemy!"

Frank laughed, softly, in his bitterness.

But just then the remembrance of the sweet-faced sister came back to him with the force of a shock.

"Whew! Her heart will be broken!" uttered the freshman. "It's a terrible thing to have a good sister to disgrace. And I almost promised that sweet, good woman that I'd try to stand between Preston and disgrace! I really did promise, in fact. At least, I implied it. But I can do nothing now. Preston, your day has come! I can do nothing!"

Nothing?

Glancing at the policemen, Frank saw that they were still standing, as if waiting for something, or some one.

"Why, I suppose I could give an alarm!" flashed the freshman. "There may be a chance to give Preston an opportunity to slip away. Much I owe him in the way of a good turn! But his sister—"

Frank hardly stopped to think.

He ran swiftly to the door, squared himself, hurled his shoulder against the door.

Again! At the second forceful impact the door yielded.

On the floor overhead there was a rushing of feet as frequenters of the place rushed out to see what the splintering, crashing noise meant.

Two dozen men, some of them students, saw Manley rushing up the stairs.

"Is Ferd Preston there?" our hero called.

"Yes!" answered the sophomore. "Manley, what does this mean?"

"The police—in front of the house—raid!" gasped Frank, as he gained the landing above and crowded into the excited throng. "Get away while you can!"

There was a wild stampede. Students went white-faced in an instant, but a strong voice called out, quietly:

"Quiet, every one. Follow me. I think I can lead you safely out—if the police haven't closed that exit already."

This leader of the frightened flock darted up a ladder to the roof, opened a skylight, and led the frightened ones out on the top of the house.

They crossed to the adjoining building.

Here their leader signaled to them to stand back, while he went close to the edge of the roof.

He peered down, then called back, softly:

"All clear yet. Come on!"

They followed to the edge of the roof.

Here was a fire-escape, leading down to within a few feet of the ground.

Like spectres the frightened fugitives fled down the iron ladder, dropping one by one to the ground and hurrying out through an alleyway.

Among the last were Ferd Preston and Frank Manley.

And they, now side by side, as they reached the nearest street corner and looked back, saw two policemen marching to the head of that alleyway, still ignorant of the fact that the law was too late to cut off the escape of the gamesters.

"Manley," choked Preston, as they hurried down a street in safety, "why did you take the trouble to do this noble thing?"

"Because your sister came to see me this evening. She told me your desperate strait with your father. She loves you, and would shield you from trouble. She is a good woman, and a loving and a sorrowing one. Preston, if I have done anything for you, credit your sister with the deed."

"Good heavens! And I couldn't learn to like you, Manley!"

There was a sob in the sophomore's voice as he turned and humbly, hesitatingly, held out his hand.

"Tell me the truth!" flared Frank. "My face?"

"Thank heaven it hadn't been done yet!"

Not done?

Frank Manley felt reeling with happiness.

"But you intended to have it done?" he demanded.

"Yes; I had sent for the tattooer, who was game on account of the big money I was able to pay. But he was long in coming. Thank heaven for that! In the meantime, I slipped up, fairs to play, so that there might be no suspicion. The people in the house knew that something was up, but they thought it only a hazing prank. If you had called they would only have laughed. Heavens, what a beast I was, and am! No; I see, Manley, that it is of no

use for me to offer you my hand. You will not take it. You are quite right."

"I will take your hand," said Manley, slowly.

"You can?"

"Not on your account. But I still see your sister's face. Preston, I wonder if you will ever be half worthy of a sister like that?"

"No; but, by Jove, I shall try!"

The two young men shook hands.

Then they walked along in silence, Preston strangely silent and humble, and Manley full of many different thoughts.

Before they realized it, they were up on Chapel Street, walking along together like two old cronies.

"Manley, I can't realize it all," said Preston, finally.

"Neither can I," returned Frank, drily.

"What a beast I have been!"

"You have."

"And how I hated you!"

"Don't you still?"

"Manley, how can you ask such a question? I'm not going to ask your friendship now, but one of these days, if we both stay here——"

"You said you'd drive me out of Yale!"

"You know better, now, Manley, than to think that any such idea could linger with me. As I said, one of these days, when I've earned a better right, I'm going to ask your friendship. I wonder what your answer will be?"

"Listen," said Frank, and they halted opposite the Green.

From the tower of one of the churches chimed the hour of midnight.

"Twelve o'clock," smiled Frank, "and all's well!"

Their hands met once more, in fervent clasp.

#### THE END.

It's a genuine, rousing story of good old Yale and athletics that will be printed under the title: "FRANK MANLEY'S RIVAL: OR, THE STRUGGLE FOR 'FRAT' MEMBERSHIP." Out next week in No. 27 of "Frank Manley's Weekly." It is certainly the most splendid story of Yale and athletics that has ever been printed. Be sure you get it before your newsdealer's supply is gone!

**SPECIAL NOTICE.** All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

## PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 58.

A reader sends me a pathetic letter—the only one of the kind that I have ever received.

Lest there may be, here and there, another young American who finds himself in the same plight, I'm going to make the plaint of this correspondent the text for this Talk.

My reader writes me that, for some months, he has been going in for physical training, but that, to his surprise, he is growing weaker. He wants to know what is wrong?

Plainly enough, everything is wrong!

This reader has not caught the spirit of the physical training life.

In a few particulars, and perhaps in many, he has caught the spirit of his instruction wrongly.

There is nothing in the true physical training life that can weaken. Instead, there is everything that should build up to ever-growing strength.

As my correspondent does not send me the full particulars of his training, I am unable to place my finger on the exact weak spot of his system.

"Perhaps it is in his diet. It may be that he has read that we nearly all of us do wrong by eating too heartily of meat. It may be that he has cut out meat altogether.

If he has, he has done no harm in that respect. But people who do not eat meat are generally called vegetarians. It may be that my friend has taken wholly to a diet of vegetables.

Now, it must be clearly understood that the ordinary garden vegetables, leaving out peas and beans, will not sustain life. If this young man is eating garden vegetables only, or with only white bread added, and is not using any peas or beans, then the truth is that his diet is badly arranged, and in reality he is slowly starving himself.

By all means, eat garden vegetables and fruits as a part of your food—but they are not sufficient of themselves to keep up health and strength.

With vegetables and fruits, if you do not use meats, eat such substitutes for meat as peas, beans, fresh cheese, nuts, and now and then some fish, if you do not object to it.

Whole wheat bread and cheese will make a nourishing

meal. Health and strength can be built on shredded wheat biscuit and milk.

But do not imagine, for a moment, that ordinary garden vegetables, white bread and fruit make a diet that will build up strength.

But, if my friend is really eating nourishing food, then perhaps the trouble is that he overtrains. He does not explain his exercises, and how much of them he does, so I cannot say.

But it is always worth while to remember that too much exercise is as bad as none at all.

Every one is benefited by an hour or two of exercise a day in the fresh air.

On the other hand, in nearly every case, he who exercises briskly most of his daily time is sure to overtrain and weaken himself.

Have you ever known boys who played so hard and steadily all day that they wore themselves thin and were unable to sleep well at night?

They were overtraining, and were paying the penalty for it.

Now, let us see just what a rational amount of training is for a boy.

In the first place, he should get sleep enough, but not enough to make him "dopey" all the time.

In order to get the best results, he must retire early and get up early. Late retiring and late rising are bad for any young fellow. Too little sleep will soon wear him out.

When the young man gets up he should exercise for an hour or so before breakfast.

Then he should bathe and breakfast.

At some time later in the day he should take another bout of exercise, and in the open air if possible.

Now, here is enough of physical training for the average American boy.

Of course, in between times, he should walk around out of doors as much as comes handy.

Part of the exercise every day should consist of running, for running is the basis of all athletics, and the forerunner of greatly increased health. If the young man cannot run much at first, he should practice to gradually increase the amount.

Most of us overeat; but if the young man in training will chew every morsel of food to a pulp before swallowing, and omit beverages at meal times, he will find that appetite will fail him when he has eaten enough.

Now, if the young man is eating really nourishing food, if he is not over-exercising, if he sleeps in a bedroom whose window is open—if he breathes pure, fresh air at all times—the young man who follows this whole common-sense course cannot injure himself with his training.

Instead, he is bound to grow stronger all the time.

If any of you feel that physical training is injuring you, look over your system of living and find where the fault lies.

If you can't find it out, write me fully, and I will find out for you.

## Letters from Readers

**NOTICE.**—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Durand, Mich., Nov. 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly and think it is a fine magazine for boys. I have just finished the last number of them and was sorry that Woodstock got beat. But I suppose that every club must get beat once in a while. I pitied Hek while his son's club was getting beat all the time. Don't blame him for dancing an Indian dance when the game was over. Here are a few of my measurements and a few questions I wish you would answer: Age, 14 years; weight, 109 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches; neck, 14 inches; across shoulders, 20 inches; chest, normal 32½ inches, expanded, 35½ inches; waist, 29 inches; hips, 35½ inches; ankles, 10 inches; calves, 15 inches; reach, 36 inches. I can hold 25 pounds at arm's length; can run five miles; put the 10-pound hammer 45 feet; standing broad jump, 8 feet; running broad jump, 14 feet. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How are my records? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

A sincere reader,  
Ray Thomas.

P. S.—My biceps, normal, are 12 inches, flexed 15½ inches; they are not in a bunch, but long. Had they ought to be that way? How are the proportions?

(1) Very good, indeed, except waist, which is three inches too large. (2) Records excellent.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly from No. 1 to the present date. I belong to a football eleven and baseball team. I am 12 years old; weight, 103 pounds; height, 5 feet; width of shoulders, 13½ inches; chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 30 inches; waist, 26 inches; wrists, 6¾ inches. (1) How are my measurements? Please show me my weak points and strong ones.

Yours truly,  
A. C. L.

Well built, except chest expansion much too little and waist line too large.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly and I think it is great. My measurements are as follows: Age, 17 years 1 month; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 126 lbs.; neck, 13½ in.; chest cont., 29 in.; normal, 32 in.; expansion, 34½ in.; waist, 27 in.; hips, 33 in.; thighs, 18½ in.; calves, 13 in.; ankles, 9 in.; biceps, 9½ in.; flexed, 11½ in.; forearms, 9½ in.; wrists, 6½ in. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how can I strengthen them? (3) How can I broaden my shoulders quickly?

Yours respectfully,  
G. O. P.

(1 and 2) Very good except chest expansion, which increases by deep breathing drills, running and quick, light exercise. (3) There is no swift way to broaden shoulders. Horizontal bar, bag punching and wrestling are the surest means.

New York, Nov. 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading different kinds of libraries for the last four years, but since your Frank Manley's Weekly came out, I have found it the best of all. It stands at the top of all the other libraries. Every book is worth its weight in gold. Kindly forgive me by answering these few questions. (1) Does bad teeth injure any one's

height, 5 feet 4 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; biceps, 10½ inches; calves, 12½ inches; thighs, 17½ inches; hips, 20½ inches; waist, 25½ inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; expanded, 24 inches; neck, 14 inches; ankles, 8½ inches. Where are my weak points and how shall I remedy them?

Yours truly,  
S. Boldon.

I can't find any weak points in you. You have derived the fullest benefit from your splendid lot of work. You are a splendid type of young athlete.

North Adams, Mass., Nov. 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading your weekly from the first one. My age is 15 years; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 105 pounds; chest, 30 inches normal; 32½ expanded; waist, 26 inches; calves, 13½ inches; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, 13 inches across. I use dumbbells and Indian clubs and most all of Frank Manley's drills. I take part in most all kinds of sports, indoors and out. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Your friend and reader,  
A Boy From the Berkshire Hills.

P. S. Please show me my weak points and my good ones, if I have any.

Excellent build, except waist a shade too large, and chest expansion a trifle under what it should be for your other measurements.

McLeansboro, Ill., Nov. 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of "Frank Manley's Weekly," I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My measurements are: Age, 15 years 10 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 95½ pounds; chest, normal, 28 inches; expanded, 31 inches; neck, 12 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearms, 9½ inches; thighs, 17 inches; waist, 24 inches; calves, 13 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; ankles, 8½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points; how can they be remedied? (3) What are my strong points, if any? (4) Are buckwheat cakes a healthy breakfast food?

Rollie Clapman.

A little light on weight, and neck needs development; otherwise O. K. Buckwheat flour is an excellent food, but the trouble with the cakes is that they cannot be cooked well through the middle, which is likely to result in a soggy, pasty mess in the stomach. Buckwheat gems would be much better food.

Conway Springs, Kan., Nov. 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read nearly all of your splendid magazines since they were first published. Here are my measurements and all were taken stripped: My age is 14 years 2 months; weight, 105 pounds; height, 5 feet 1 inch; chest normal, 29 inches; expanded, 32½ inches; waist, 28 inches; length of arms, 28 inches; across shoulders, 13½ inches; neck, 13 inches; biceps, 9½ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; thighs, 17½ inches; calves, 12½ inches; ankles, 8½ inches. My records are: Standing broad jump, 7 feet 4 inches; running broad jump, 10½ feet; high jump, 3½ feet. I can run three miles. (1) Are my measurements good? (2) Can I become a good athlete? (3) How can I make my waist measure smaller? Hoping to see this in print. I will close with three cheers for Frank, Hal, Sato, Jackets and Physical Director.

An ardent admirer,

L. G. B.

(1) Very good, except waist line, which is too large. (2) Most assuredly. (3) Try the abdominal work in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. Records are good at your age.

Oswego, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a good reader of Frank Manley's Weekly and I wish to ask you a few questions. I am ten years old, height 4 feet 6 inches; expanded, 26½ inches, weight, 82 pounds. I am a you-terror, as my mother calls me. I am a good runner. I use dumbbells very night before I go to bed, and in the morning when there is snow on the ground I take the sleds and go out and shovel the walk which I

health in any way? If so, kindly recommend some good remedy. (2) I can't even run one block with comfort. Kindly advise me of a method of improving my wind. (3) When I retire at night I always feel a splashing sound in my stomach. What causes it?

Yours truly,  
An Enthusiastic Reader.

(1) Bad teeth are far more injurious than any ordinary illness. The saliva carries all the foulness from bad teeth down through the digestive tract, and decay and putridity are carried through the entire system. See a good dentist and get your teeth attended to. Always after that cleanse your teeth after each meal. In the morning use a tooth powder made of four parts of precipitated chalk and one part of powdered castile soap, flavored with a few drops oil of wintergreen. At other cleansings through the day brush with castile soap lather. (2) Go in for deep breathing and light, quick exercise, and strive gradually to increase your distance, but don't rush matters. (3) I imagine this is caused by swallowing your food without thorough chewing and by drinking beverages at mealtimes.

Abilene, Kan., Nov. 11, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I'm 14 years old, height 59 inches, weight 90 pounds, stripped; chest, normal, 31½ inches; expanded, 32½ inches; forearm, 12 inches; biceps 8½ inches; neck, 12 inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 12½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? I can run 3 miles. (2) What should I weigh? (3) How is my running? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,  
Charley Gish

(1 and 2) You are O. K. except chest expansion, which is poor. (3) You do not state your running record.

Fairmont, Neb., Nov. 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a weekly subscriber of your fine young athletes stories. After seeing all of the letters in the back of the magazines, I thought I would ask you a few questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 12 years; height, 4 feet, 11 inches; neck, 12 inches; waist, 26 inches; weight, 87 pounds; chest, normal, 29 inches; expanded, 31 inches; calves, 11½ inches; wrists, 6 inches; biceps, normal, 8½ inches; expanded, 10 inches. Are these measurements above or below the average? I go to bed on the average about 8.30, and get up on the average about 7.15. Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours truly,  
Vergil Rector.

You are well and solidly built for your age. The only criticism I have to offer is that your waist-line needs trimming down. Your chest expansion is good enough at present, but work to increase it as you grow older. I judge you to be a very healthy boy.

Tipton, Ind., Nov., 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am glad to say that I have read all of the "Young Athlete's Weekly" and "Frank Manley's Weekly" so far, and I think they are just excellent. I am captain of a Junior Athletic Club, have mastered over 100 Jiu Jitsu tricks, can chin 10 times, and walk a 12-rung ladder 15 times, touching every rung, am good boxer and bag puncher, and excellent wrestler. I have been in training all summer. Here are my measurements: Age, 15; weight, 116½ pounds;

be a good exercise. I have had the cholera for a long time, which weakened me a big lot, but I am growing stronger now. (2) What shall I do to be a good runner? (2) How is my height? (3) Is my weight all right? (4) Do you think it will hurt me any playing rugby, or baseball?

Yours truly,

A. Marsden,

Run every day, increasing the distance very gradually. Height and weight O. K. By all means play ball and rugby.

New York, Nov. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I would like to bother you with a few questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 16 years 6 months; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 125 pounds; biceps, 10½ inches; waist, 28½ inches; chest normal, 32½ inches; expanded, 34 inches; neck, 13½ inches; shoulders, 17½ inches; muscle of forearm, 11 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; hips, 31 inches; thighs, 21½ inches; calves, 13½ inches; ankles, 10 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) How can I strengthen my weak points? Thanking you in advance, I remain

Yours truly,  
F. W. P.

(1) Good, except chest. (2) Two inches more chest expansion needed. (3) Deep breathing, running and bag-punching.

New York City, Nov. 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being an ardent reader and admirer of your very interesting and instructive weekly, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. My measurements are: Chest normal 32 inches, expanded 35 inches, waist 28 inches, neck 14 inches, biceps 10½ inches, contracted 11½ inches, forearms, 10½ inches; calves 14½ inches, thighs 21 inches, height 5 feet 3½ inches, weight 121½ lbs., age 17 years. (1) How am I built? (2) In what am I deficient? (3) My shoulders, although stronger than the shoulders of other boys of my size who have nicely rounded muscles, are peculiar. There is a bone at each side of the neck which projects out about a quarter of an inch and runs toward the shoulders, stopping about where the shoulder muscles begin. Could these be covered with muscle, and how? Thanking you beforehand, I now close with three cheers for Frank Manley and the Physical Director.

A. F. S.

Measurements very good, with no real deficiencies. The projecting bone can be covered with flesh and muscle by training. Study the training outlined in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly.

Bellefonte, Ill., Nov. 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read quite a number of these weeklies, and I think they are tip-top. I would like you to tell me how some of my measurements are. I am 11 years old, weight 65 pounds, chest normal 27 inches, expanded 29 inches, calves 11 inches, and height 55 inches. (1) Is football good training for me? (2) Are my measurements good?

A Young Athlete.

(1) You are too young for regular team play.  
(2) Measurements satisfactory.

West Elizabeth, Pa., Nov. 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am an ardent admirer of your Frank Manley's Weekly. Being scheduled to fight in a couple of months, I write to you in regard to training. I am 18 years 6 months old, height 5 feet 2 inches, reach 6 foot 7½ inches, biceps 14 inches, indulge in breathing exercises all the time, weigh 185 lbs. stripped now—when I step into the ring I wish to weigh 135 lbs. (1) What kind of a diet and course of exercise do you recommend? (2) How are my measurements? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

An Honest Admirer.

fat meats, cake, pastry, tea, coffee and alcoholic beverages are to be avoided; also lots of fried food. If you are a meat eater, the meats should be either broiled, boiled or baked, if a potato user, eat also plenty of fresh fruit when not eating meat shredded

wheat or beans are an excellent substitute. Drink a pint of very hot water on rising in the morning, and plenty of water at all times except at meals. Chew all your food to a fine pulp. The bag and other drills in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly will give you ideal exercise, with bag punching and quick bell and club work. For the wind and general endurance there should also be a distance run every morning. Your measurements are on the powerful order. Success to you.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of your weekly, I will send you my measurements: Height 5 feet 4 inches, age 14 years, reach 5 feet 3 inches, chest normal 27 inches, expanded 30 inches, shoulders 13½ inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) How can I remedy them. Yours truly,

R. C.

Your measurements are too incomplete for me to be able to form an estimate.

Fairmont, Neb., Nov. 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write and tell you my measurements. I am 11 years old and am 4 feet 5 inches tall, chest normal 26 inches, expanded 28 inches, waist 25 inches, neck 11 inches, biceps expanded 11 inches, calves 12 inches, ankles 9 inches. (1) What can I do to increase my muscle? (2) How are my measurements? (3) What is the best exercise for me in the football season? I have read all except three of your latest published magazines. I think they are fine. I play left end on the football team. I can chin thirteen times. I can run three-quarters of a mile with ease. Yours truly,

Wesley Hews.

(1) General exercise. (2) Too much waist and too little neck and chest expansion. Too late for football advice this year.

Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have taken Frank Manley's Weekly and think there is none better. I would like to ask you a few questions. I am 12 years 9 months old, height 4 feet 10½ inches, weight 74 lbs., chest natural 29 inches, expanded 30 inches, waist 29 inches. (1) How is my weight compared with my height? (2) How is my chest measurement? (3) How is my waist? If I am too light please tell me the best way to get heavier. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,  
William Gatey.

(1) O. K. (2) Poor; nearly two inches more expansion needed. (3) Some inches too large.

Rayne, La., Nov. 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly since the first number, and would like you to answer the following questions: Age 17, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 125 lbs., chest 33, expanded 35, waist 28½ inches, around shoulders 39 inches, right arm expanded 11½ inches, left arm 10½ inches. Would like to gain about fifteen pounds. Also please state my strong and weak points. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly, A Constant Reader.

Good average measurements, except in weight, which should be 140. It is hard to lay down an exact course for weight-gaining, but sleep, the proper chewing of food and an abundance of water, except at meal times, are essential.

Gananoque, Ont., Nov. 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have read all the numbers of The Athlete's Weekly and Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty to ask a few questions concerning my exercise and measurements. My age is 14½ years, waist 28 inches, weight 102½ lbs., chest normal 30½ inches, chest expanded 32½ inches, chest contracted 29 inches, height 5 feet 1 inch, wrists 6 inches around, calves 12½ inches. My running shoe is No. 4. (1) How are my measurements? (2) If any are not satisfactory how can I remedy them? (3) Are two-pound Indian clubs and two-pound dumbbells the best for my use? (4) For quick, light work would you recommend one-pound Indian clubs? (5) My favorite sport is swimming. Is there any

danger of getting cramps if one does not overload his stomach and has a strong heart? (6) What is the world's record for ten miles, five miles, two miles, one mile, one-half mile and one-quarter mile? I play baseball and football. Sometimes tennis or cricket. I play left half-back on our football team and pitcher on our baseball team. Hoping to see this in print, I will close. Yours respectfully,

A. M. Shaw.

Good average measurements, but waist too large and chest expansion a trifle under. (2) Train down the waist and use deep breathing and running for the chest. (3) Yes. (4) 2 lbs. (5) I believe that in nearly every case of so-called "cramps" are due to heart strain. Swimming is a strong tax on the heart. (6) You do not specify whether amateur or professional, indoor or outdoor.

Ripley, Miss., Nov. 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Please publish the letter below given in Frank Manley's Weekly: The boys of Ripley have had a glorious time keeping up with Frank and his Up and At 'Em Boys during this summer and fall. The Now or Never Boys' clubhouse has been completed about two months and they have some good times there, mostly at night, as they work and go to school during the day time, so they can't be at the clubhouse much in daytime. But they all hail Frank Manley's Weekly every Friday evening. It has helped me and my Now or Never Boys out a great deal in lots of ways too numerous to mention now. I am glad to know the boys are going to have a new gymnasium. They deserve all they get and more, too. Frank Manley is a model any boy should be glad to pattern after. So, boys, choose him, follow him weekly through his Weekly, and try to do as he does and you will make men out of yourselves. And Kitty Dunstan is a model for the girls to imitate. She is all a boy should want as a sweetheart. While mine is just as nice as can be, still I like such a girl anywhere she may be found. And please answer a few questions given below and I close: (1) What will cure palpitation of the heart? (2) Will tobacco or snuff cause it? Long life to publishers, Physical Director, readers and Frank and all connected. You friend forever,

JOHN R. RAIN,  
President Now or Never Boys.

I am delighted to hear such reports of your club. You are hustlers and deserve your good times. The causes of palpitation are many, such as improper feeding, causing stomachic fermentation, overtaxing the heart by carrying exercise to the straining point, insufficient sleep, sleeping in tainted air, or the use of tea or coffee, alcoholic beverages, tobacco or snuff.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Physical Director:

Since I wrote to you last our club beat the Georgetown by 12 points. I won the half-mile by about 120 feet, doing it in 2 minutes 1 second, and winning the 3 miles, doing it in 16 minutes 20 seconds, won the chinning, doing it 26 times, my opponent doing it 13 times. I lost the broad jump by an accident. I lost one foot, as we only had one jump and a few practice jumps. My record for broad jump is 15 feet 4 inches. When I read about the 10 miles I made up my mind to try. I ran eight miles. I could have run further but I was afraid I would weaken my heart. I run five miles every morning. I can vault 6 feet. I am now 5 feet 3 inches tall. I play half-back on the St. Alphonsus Academy team. Here is our record: Six games won out of six, being scored against by the Metrose by 5 points. The other teams were shut out without score. Our proper weight is from 90 to 100 lbs., and I am trying to get the boys to hustle in the morning. I hope this long letter does not reach the waste basket. Yours, a fervent reader, and good luck to your weekly.

Charles Fague.

You have been doing some splendid work, and I congratulate you heartily. You are to be congratulated especially on the distance running, and I look for you to be heard from in this line later on. At your present age, however, a <sup>10</sup> mile run is enough to attempt. In <sup>10</sup> years you will do ten miles as easily as <sup>10</sup> do five.

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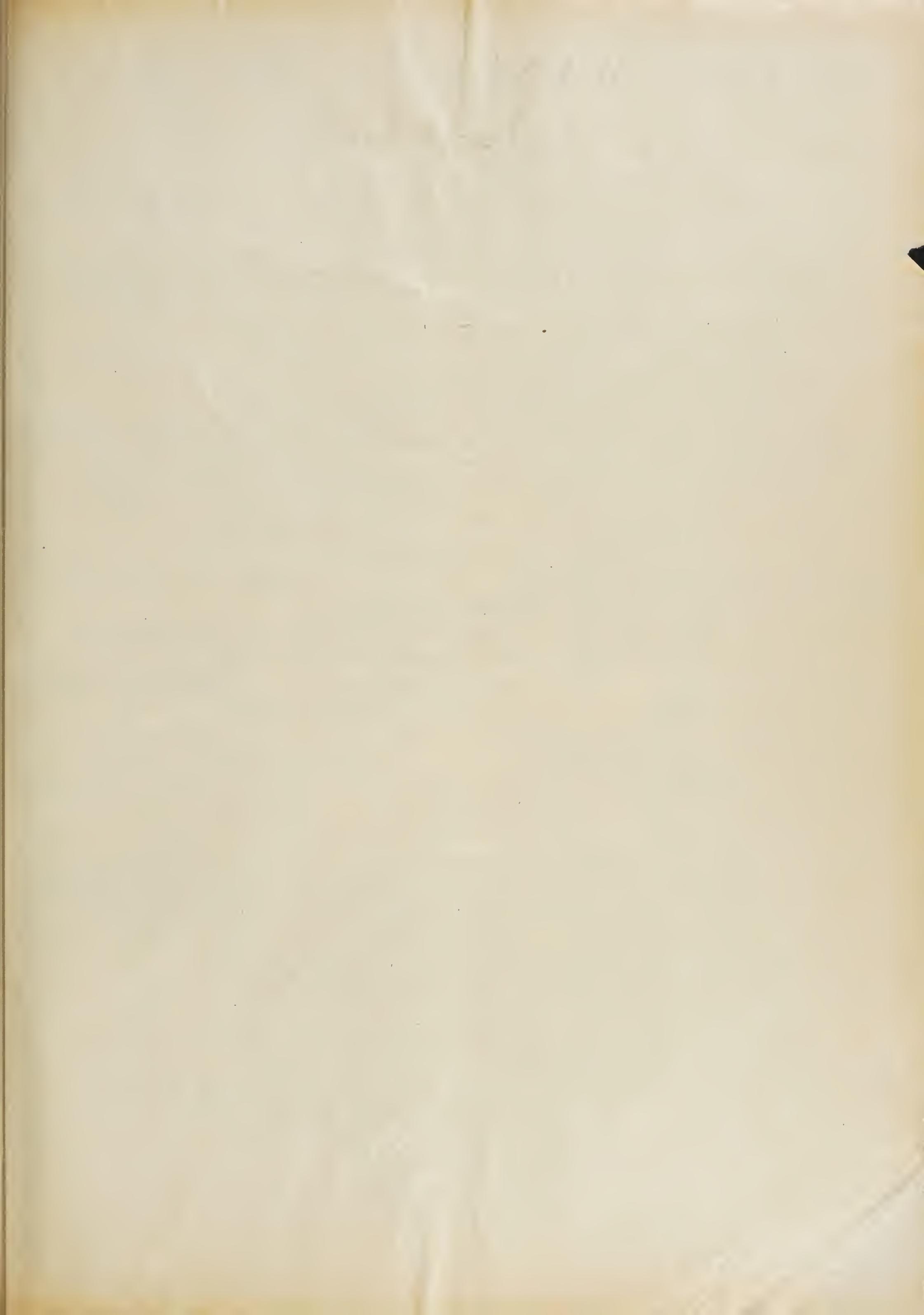
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